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An anthology of creative writing is presented. The themes encompass a range and variety of subjects.

Eleven sections include the ideas of the students on the following: themselves and their place in the world, their family, their school, the city of Chicago, patriotism and the United States, outer space, humor and laughter, beauty in both the physical and spiritual realm, nature, love and the contemplation of God.

Creative art work is interspersed throughout the anthology.

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YOUTH CONTEMPLATES

SELECTED
CREATIVE
WRITINGS

1964

by the STUDENTS
of the CHICAGO
PUBLIC SCHOOLS

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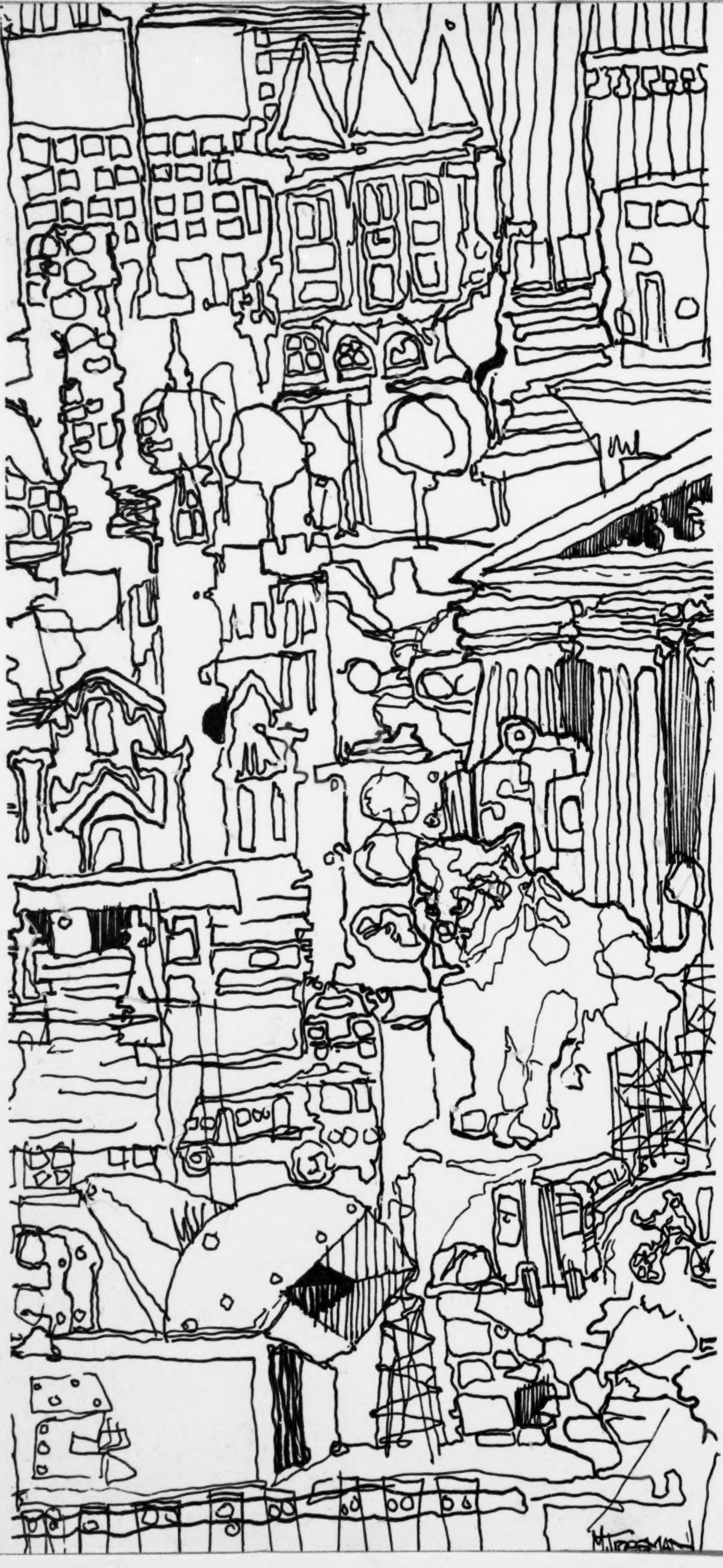

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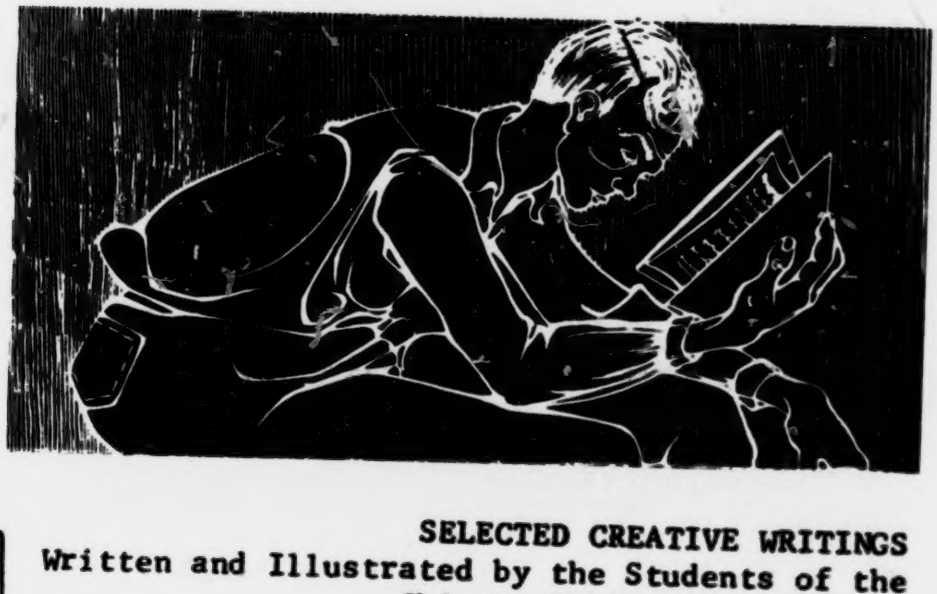

SELECTED CREATIVE WRITINGS
Written and Illustrated by the Students of the
Chicago Public High Schools

Educational Materials Laboratory
Office of Education

MAY 1965
DEPARTMENT OF
EALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE

Board of Education - City of Chicago

Benjamin C. Willis
General Superintendent of Schools

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of the
City of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

FOREWORD

The 1962-63 anthology of the Chicago public high schools contains creative writing centered about themes representing the thinking of students. These themes range from self to outer space and from laughter to the serious contemplation of God. The art work contributed by students in high school art classes interprets the selections.

Although quality has been a paramount consideration in the selection of the material, it is interesting to observe that all high schools are included. The students and their teachers are to be commended for the excellence of the work submitted.

BENJAMIN C. WILLIS
General Superintendent of Schools

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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Sincere appreciation is expressed to all who participated in the preparation of this anthology — the high school teachers of art and English; the art supervisers; the high school English consultants; the designers of the book, Homer E. Freese and Wesley R. Buchwald; the committee of teachers who planned the book: Dorothy Bailey, Austin High School; Helen Lindahl, Amundsen High School; Bernice McDermott, Dunbar Vocational High School; and Muriel Miller, Bowen High School.

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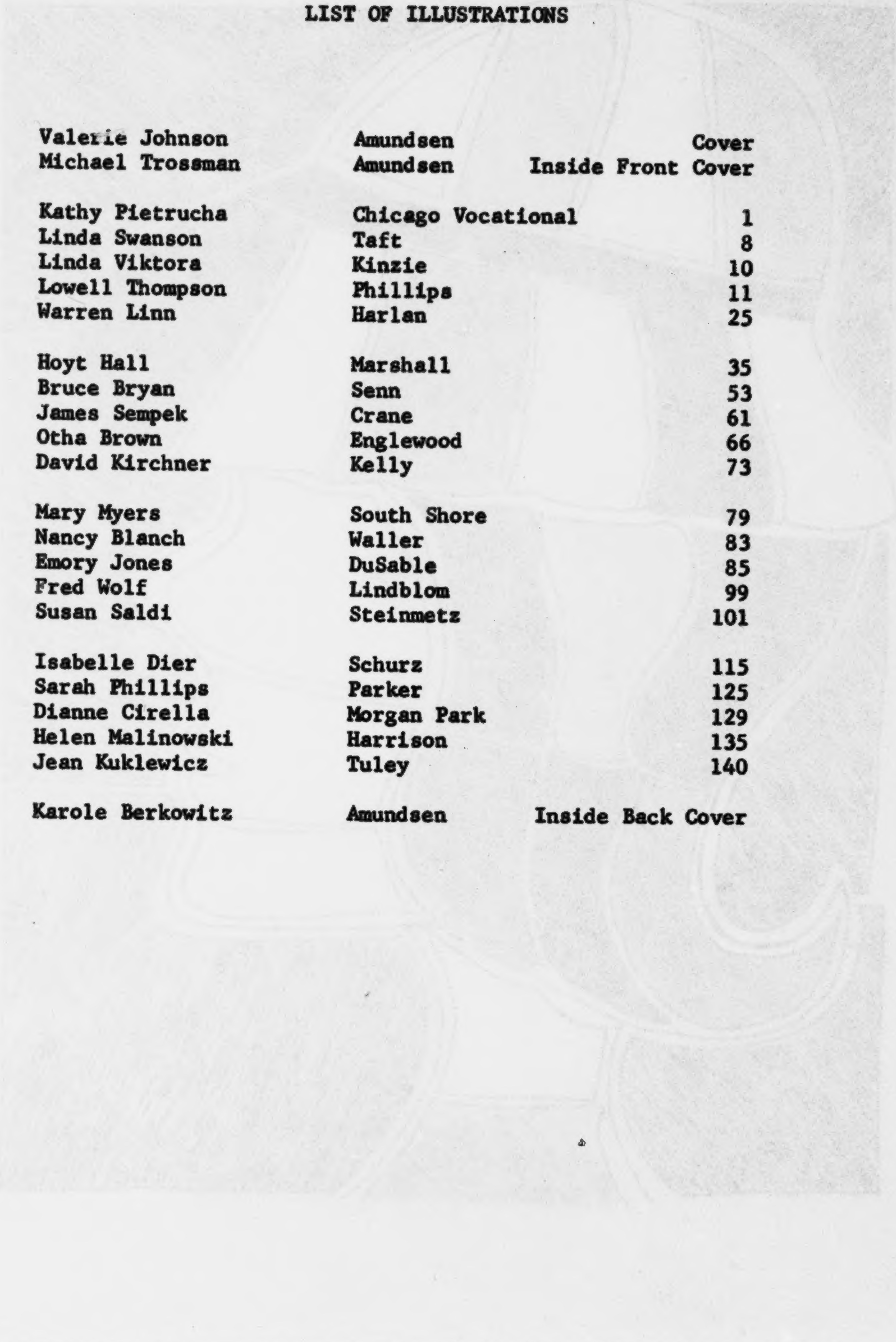

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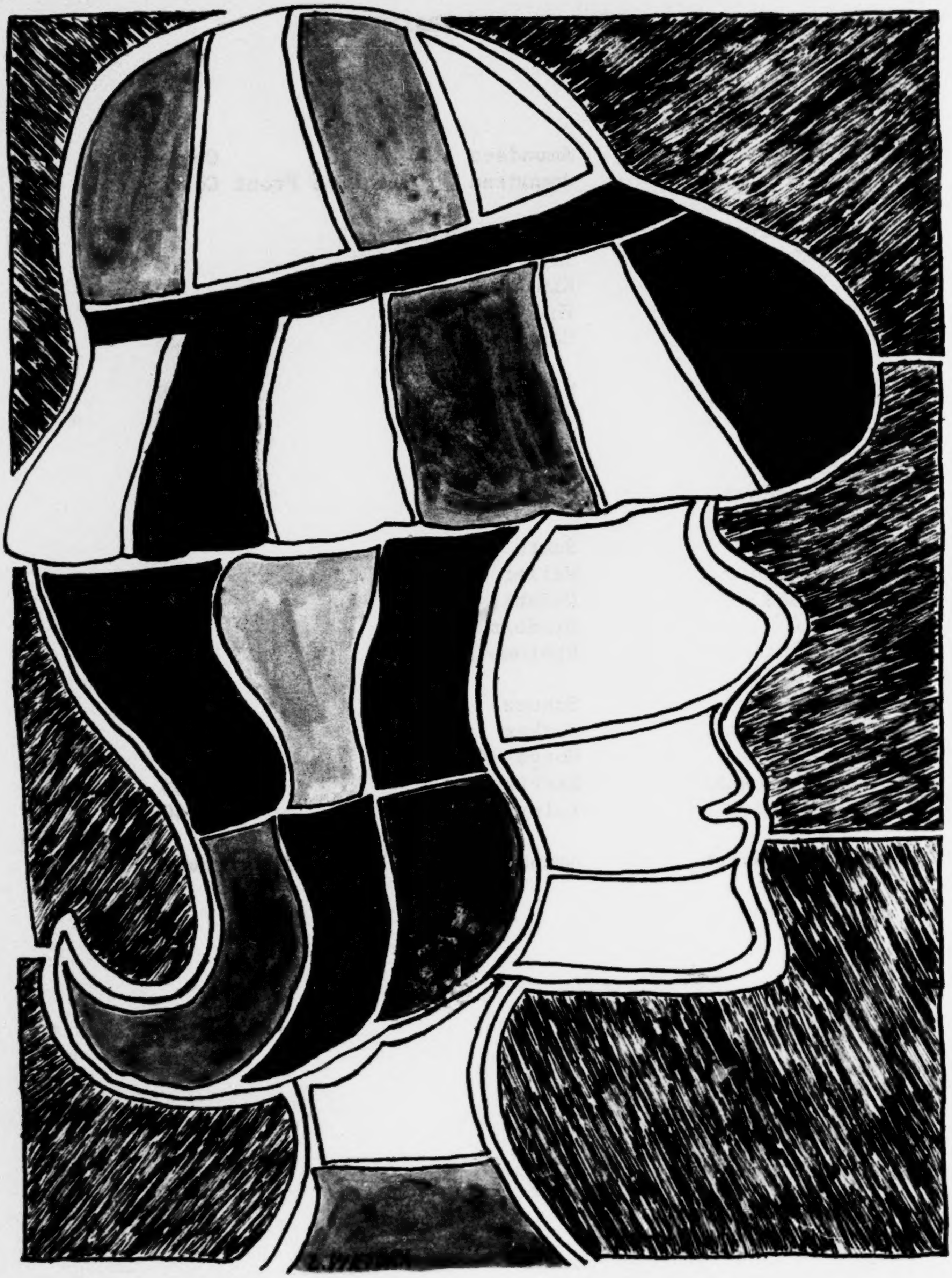

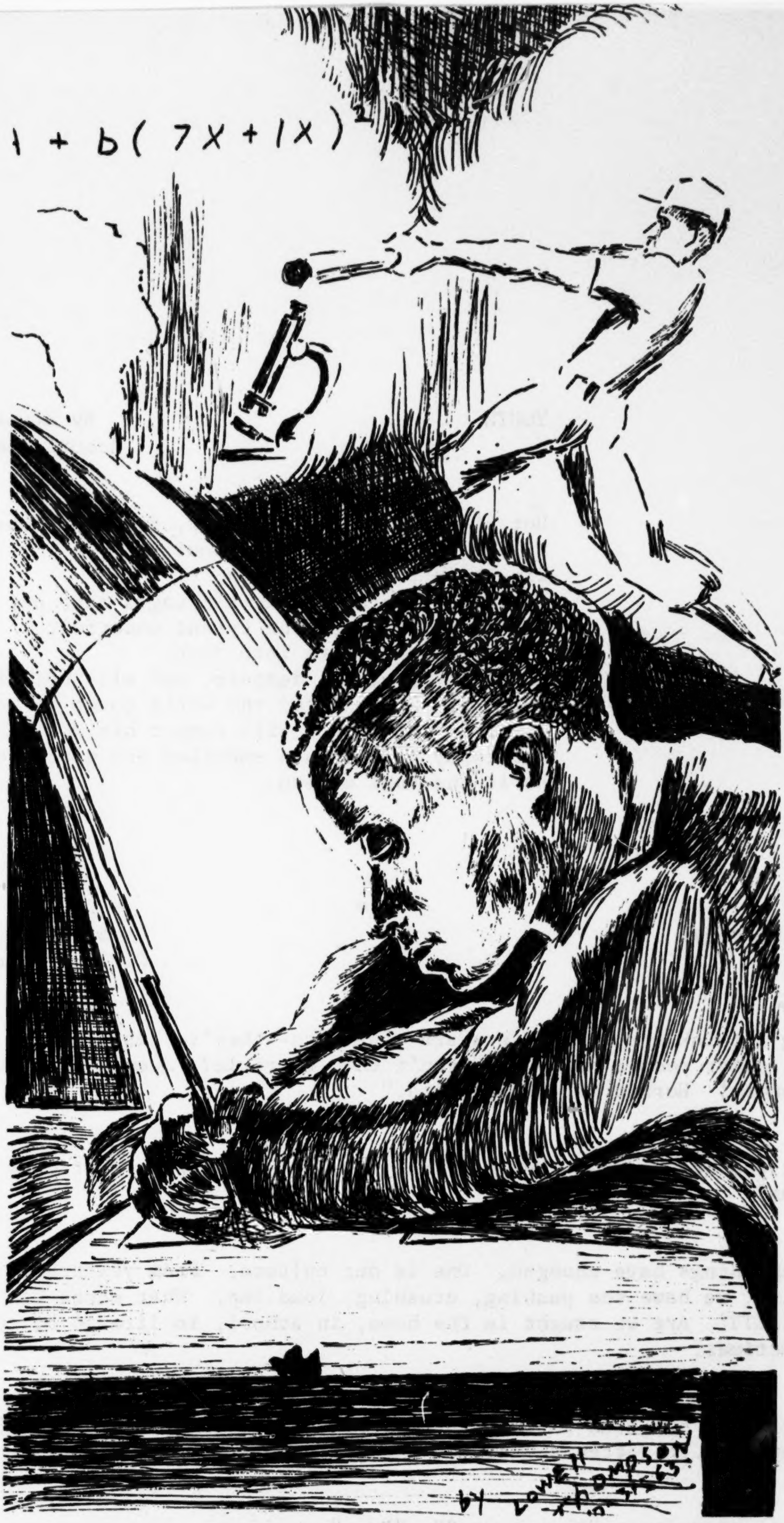
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by Lowell Thompson
63

This above all: to thine own self be true.
--William Shakespeare

SELF

YOUTH

By Alice Loverde
Schurz High School

Hot of blood, strong of mind, firm of purpose -
Filled with intensity of soul.
His it is to conquer pain,
Alleviate the suffering the sages have not checked.
His it is to tread the tyrant underfoot,
To grind oppressors into dust,
To cancel poverty, despair, and all their fellows.
Yesterday he suffered the world to go unchallenged.
Tomorrow experience will temper his ambition -
But today he is Youth embodied and glorified:
He is the soul of man.

DO WE CARE?

By Kenneth Pisowicz
Cooley Vocational High

Now I think that teen-agers are like jets--they're fast, but do they care? The older people all say, "Aren't they terrible? Aren't they loud? No manners! Horrid little monsters."

But the crowd says, "We're alive, we dig, we twist!" What does all this mean?

Many things have changed. One is our culture. From yesterday's polite child, we have the pushing, crushing, loud imp. What makes him that way? SOCIETY! Are we taught in the home, in school, in life to be cultured? Sometimes.

The world has been so busy getting to the moon and acquiring gold that they have forgotten the better things in life.

Again, I repeat, "Do we care?" "Yes."

TO BE ALIVE

By Denyse Wozniak
Lindblom High

A teenager's life is just what it seems--
A world full of hopes, a heart full of dreams,
The silly jokes, your favorite song,
The wonderful feeling that you belong--
It's having a boy friend and having a date,
It's going steady and staying out late,
It's having a crowd without a square,
And the fun and enjoyment when everyone's there;
It's having a fellow and having him call,
It's being in a group and having a ball,
It's having a romance and in tears,
It's movies and cakes and football cheers,
It's rocking and rolling with Tom or Fred,
It's waltzing or trotting with Bob or Ted,
It's acting silly when no one's around,
And a search for a love that can't be found;
It's laughing and crying and having fun,
But most of all, it's just being young.

THE LOST YEARS
A Sonnet

By Howard Lee Kaplan
Lane Technical High

No age of man can be so filled with mirth
As that which comes from twelve to nine-plus-ten.
No aged soul can live those years again,
The favored years that come to men on earth.
Each young man learns the joys of love and girls,
Though sorrow comes besides a broken heart;
From childhood's play the soul does e'er depart,
To find in life a treasure more than pearls.

But, no one can forever keep these joys,
This happiness of being young and gay,
When girls mature, and men are made from boys,
When adult molds use adolescent clay;
For, as the sun at fading of the day,
This happy life, at twenty, fades away.

MY PROBLEM

By Paula Cooper
Bowen High School

There are certain consequences which I must pay for being above average in intelligence. At times, I feel that this gift is my biggest problem, since it is constantly creating difficulties for me. First, being in the type of classes that I am in, my contemporaries are aware of my abilities. They constantly make snide remarks about my being a bookworm, an egghead, and other cracks. No teenager likes to be different, and sometimes these remarks make me feel like an outsider, and I'm hurt. Second, there is the problem of the opposite sex. The boys who know me well are aware of the fact that a girl can be intelligent and feminine. However, the boys who do not know me as well think of me almost as another boy competing for grades, class ranking and the like. Unfortunately, few boys of my age realize that a girl has other assets besides a beautiful face. Many boys are afraid that they won't be able to converse with me, and that I'll speak with only ten letter words. Obviously, this isn't true, but still this ridiculous idea is upheld. Finally, there is the pressure which my school work puts on me. At times I feel like I'm being suffocated by the responsibility I have. Striving to be at the top of my class became an obsession with me, but now that I have done so well I am regretful that I haven't more time to spend with my family and friends. I wouldn't trade my intelligence and ability for anything, but I know that I have paid a great price in obtaining them.

BATTLE ETERNAL

By Leslie Cetron
Bowen High School

The United States is indeed a youth-centered nation. It is time the American public realized that the best way to remain youthful is to grow old gracefully.

Aging is a natural, normal process that is as inevitable as death. Man-made innovations may delay this process, but they will never halt it entirely. Yet, the battle against aging, begun in America in 1513 by Ponce de Leon's search for the Fountain of Youth, is seemingly a never-ending one. Each year untold numbers of Americans flock to plastic surgeons, gymnasiums, and beauty parlors, where they spend millions of dollars to become "youthful."

True youth, however, is far more than youth of body, and it may never be purchased. Real youth cannot be measured in terms of years. An ageless person is one who is young in mind and in spirit. Too often, when one becomes older, he lives with his memories in the past and loses contact with the rest of the world. He withdraws into a small world of his own where he ceases to learn and becomes firmly set in his ways and opinions. The truly youthful person is one who keeps pace with progress and is ready to accept changes in the modern world yet is firm and courageous in standing up for his beliefs and convictions.

If one accepts the fact that aging is inevitable but remains young in spirit, then by growing "old" gracefully, his mind and heart are ageless.

STEVE -- A SELF-PORTRAIT

By Stephen Shender
Senn High School

I first met Steve seventeen years ago. He wasn't much to look at then, but of course, most babies aren't. If you hadn't seen him since that big day back in '45, you wouldn't recognize him now. He's changed inside and outside.

You'd never be able to tell from seeing him, as he trots along the streets or through the halls, how mixed up and confused he is inside. Sometimes, on my little forays through his mind I need a machette to chop away the tangle of thoughts I find there. The little worries he has, such as what colleges he should apply to, whether or not he'll get his driver's license, and how well he'll do on his next chemistry test, are no problem; I just step over them. It's when I get to that jungle of thoughts about people and Steve's relationship to them that I have to draw the sword and start hacking.

Steve's always worried that he doesn't have any friends -- real friends, the kind that would go out of their way to give him the shirts off their backs. He's worried about this because he thinks he doesn't do enough to make friends. He's made lots of previous contacts with people, but each time he pulls back, afraid of being rejected. It seems that the more people he meets the more afraid he is of meeting people. He sometimes thinks he enjoys being a loner, but when he sees an old man walking the streets alone late at night, he shivers.

Steve has a lot of other big worries, but this one eclipses them all. I hope he solves it.

HOW I EARN MY MONEY

By Louis Malina
Wells High School

It was a hot day in July. I went into the bank at three. Lefty Eddy, my partner, was waiting in the truck. I drew my gun, then went to the vault quietly and asked for the money. I got the money and walked out slowly, looking around. I kept walking slowly, gun in hand. The job had been done smoothly and quietly. Now for our next bank. This time I let Lefty go in and get the money while I waited in the truck. He went through the same procedure and came out quietly. This is how I earn my money. I work for Brinks' Armored Trucks.

MAN VS. MACHINE

By Kenji Richard Aoki
Amundsen High School

Inefficiency is a tyrant whose destruction must be wrought,
So through the years and decades man has studied, planned, and sought
The solution to his problem all wrapped up in one grand scheme.
Now man can just relax a while for here is the machine!
This marvel has its virtues, which far outnumber man's,
Including swift production, for it has so many hands;
Computing awesome problems - the answers true and quick.
Their strengths are multiples of man's - their chassis never sick.
This nemesis we've brought upon ourselves is automation;
It's blamed for all the ailments of this industrial nation.
So in the future when you go out looking for a job,
Although the consequences will make everybody sob,
You'll ask the secretary, "Could I please see Mr. Ross?"
And you'll soon be shaking hands, my friend, with an automated boss.

NO LONGER A "SILENT GENERATION"

By Judith Brown
Phillips High School

The young educated Negroes of the United States have decided to demonstrate, through non-violent means, their desire to become free citizens of the United States of America.

The educated Negro is entangled in a labyrinth of racial bigots on one hand and illiterate Negroes on the other. Many Negroes believe in acquiring equality through non-violent acts, which may result in their incarceration or even death. These young people are able to discern in the near future greater racial equality in this United States of America instead of having to cope with the derogatory implications of racial prejudices which have been hurled at them for over three hundred years.

In this country the Negro has reached the depths of degredation. Now he will reach the zenith of his citizenship.

This generation is known as the "Silent Generation," but the young educated Negro of today is far from silent now.

YOUTH AND THE CHALLENGE

By Donna R. Coleman
DuSable High School

We, the youth of today, are the leaders of tomorrow. The responsibility of solving tomorrow's problems rests on our shoulders. Are we able? Have we the courage to try, the determination to succeed? Are we taking it upon ourselves to prepare for these responsibilities? If so, what are we doing? In failing to make ourselves ready for life in tomorrow's world, we are failing our generation.

Before taking a definite course, we must first take into consideration the most important single problem facing us today--the preservation of peace. Where have world leaders gone wrong? What have they failed to consider? We must ask ourselves these questions and many more in order to prevent a repetition of previous failures or make worse errors ourselves. Ultimately we must find a solution or suffer the destruction of mankind. This we cannot, we must not permit.

The proper attitude to take is not that the problem is someone else's headache, but that this problem and the search for a solution are the concern of every human being on earth; we should strain every muscle, nerve, sinew, and call to the fore every bit of the mental capacity we have for solving the problem if for no other reason save the preservation of oneself.

Push a wrong button and the whole world explodes, and all of us become part of the debris. Knowing this, we can hardly entertain or even toy with the idea of shirking our duty. A world problem is also a personal one, and we must think of it and try solving it for that reason. As young as we are, how can we help now to solve the problem?

Here at school we begin by learning to become better Americans, better citizens of the world. We learn to communicate with the peoples throughout the world; we develop an appreciation and understanding of individual as well as group actions, thoughts, strengths and weaknesses. We also become tolerant and sympathetic toward those who, for any reason whatever, are or seem different from ourselves. At an early age we must begin the long hard task and continue to become wiser and use our wisdom as life progresses. Finally, we must take the greatest step possible in accepting our challenge and preserving the most precious of all holdings--peace, real and everlasting.

CLEANSING HOURS

By Sandra Colussi
Amundsen High School

I am walking and thinking the noblest of thoughts;
The encompassing night makes my goal unimportant,
As far removed as the worries wrought
By the cruel frustrations of environment.

My steps give meter to the throbbing machine
That sends magic fluid to clear my mind
Of the selfish thoughts that plague my dreams
During the daylight hours of relentless grind.

Oh, take these dark hours that cleanse your thoughts,
That let find, noble visions freely reign,
Lest in your struggle to get ahead, you get caught
In the evils of considering only self again.

I WEEP

By Anita Rose LaBounty
Foreman High School

Sometimes I'm alone.
I don't know what
to do.
I cry.

When people are near
I feel ten thousand
miles away.
I'm sad.

In the darkness
The tears fall from
my eyes.
I'm depressed.

In the daylight
I pretend.
I hide my sorrow.
I grieve.

Comes the night,
Comes misery,
I weep.

ON HAPPINESS

By Thomas Farrell
Crane High School

Happiness, an empty value,
Happiness, I contemplate
A million ways; a billion words
On happiness written to date.

I don't imagine that Lincoln
Was a very happy person,
Nor were men such as Washington,
Poe, Edison, or Emerson.

If I were happy, I would sit
And lust after nothing more.
I'd have no need to seek or strive
To press open another door.

So leave me anguish, give me pain,
Lead me into temptation,
Give me the doubt, anger they had;
The rebels that built the nation.

When I climb up near the zenith,
Build higher, higher the wall.
Laugh with bitter vengeance and spite.
Slicker the sides and laugh as I fall.

Laugh as I raise my bleeding head,
Grasp that wall, strike for the sky.
Don't relent and make me happy,
For the day I'm happy, I die.

HAPPINESS

By Dianne Nishimura
Senn High School

Happiness is the smile a child receives from his parents for a job well done. Little does he know that the smile is a reflection of the joy that he gives his parents. Happiness is walking on the beach with the sea sighing, birds crying, and an hour of solitude. Happiness is the wonder of Chopin, Liszt, and the other masters. Happiness is felt after the Senior Prom. The graduate is no longer a child, and yet, still not an adult. Happiness is a good book, a bowl of popcorn, and a warm fire. Happiness is the feeling felt after a hard day's work done well. Happiness is walking at night. You have the sky, stars, and God. Problems don't seem as large, and the world looks so very small. Happiness is the feeling of companionship when you're with a group of friends.

What is happiness? Webster defines happiness as the "agreeable sensation which springs from the enjoyment of good." You can't really define happiness, for you've got to feel it.

Gladness, joy, light-heartedness, wonder, excitement and other synonyms--all describe man's love for life, its goodness, and beauty.

ALONE

By Barry Alan Lewin
Senn High School

Being alone is not only a physical state, a cause for a distasteful, isolated emotion -- it can be a manifestation of a personal oneness and integrity. Aloneness is a place where a person can look into himself, observe his environment, and reform his ideas. Looking back from being alone, without distraction, I find it easy to revise my philosophy of life. Being apart from society can provide one with a uniquely unhampered, if somewhat distorted view of life, with cause and effect in neatly ordered pairs, and every event in its place.

Perhaps this fact is the reason artists and philosophers crave solitude to work out their complicated problems, for the absence of disturbing external influences on their delicate mental mechanisms would seem helpful. The idea of being alone might also have another connotation, for it is usually assumed that alone in the above sense means Johann Strauss dozing in the Vienna Woods. To me, close contact with nature or mere isolation does not constitute being alone; it is a sense of detachment from the physical world. I am of course speaking more in the aesthetic than in the literal sense. Many think of solitude as a cause of unhappy and dismal thoughts, a yearning for companionship. Far from desolation, I see the state of being alone as psychological isolation. A person can be lonely in a crowd or surrounded and relaxed in a barren room; he can be depressed or stimulated by his isolation, depending on his personality. It may be a special property of my character, yet I find being alone a helpful place--not a retreat or prison.

JUST THREE DAYS

By Zephoria Adams
Spalding High School

Yesterday, as I was sitting in my seventh period English class, I found myself wondering: What would I do if I could have three days to live a completely normal life? The longer I thought, the harder it was for me to decide how I would use the time.

First, I believe, if I could lose my speech difficulty, I would just talk and talk, for the joy of being able to be understood. Then, if I could move about like other people, I would do the things that I was never able to do when I was a little girl, things that are taken for granted by other little girls, but which I was never able to do because I am a cerebral palsy victim. I would jump rope, run, play hopscotch, and maybe climb a tree or two.

I dream of traveling to all fifty states and even to foreign countries, but three days would not be long enough for that. However, I would go to all the places teenagers love to go to around home, without having to ask, "How will I get there?" or, "How can I get back?" For those three days, too, I wouldn't have to just accept the stares or thoughtless questions of strangers when I walk down the street, questions such as, "Golly, girl, why do you act like that?" or "Did you fall and hurt yourself?"

If I could use my hands, I would do for myself what other people have to do for me now. For instance, I would write my own papers, and my teachers would not have to listen to me recite because they can't read my writing. Well, I thought of so many things I'd do those wonderful days. Then I thought again. If I really had such a chance, would I use it like this? Would I be happy? And how would I feel about going back to the life I am used to living?

Finally, I decided that, since I have been this way ever since birth, God made me this way for a purpose, and I am thankful that I am able to do the things I can do. . . and I am happy just the way I am, most of the time.

I EXPECTED TOO MUCH

By Vivian A. Cooke
Dunbar Vocational High

When a person leaves the country, he doesn't think that he'll be missing very much. He thinks only of getting away--of doing things, exciting things. I know I did.

On that rainy day in September I was anxiously waiting for the train. All my life I had thought of leaving that small sawmill town and heading for the big city. Today is the big day, I thought. I said to myself, "No more time for idle daydreams. I'm on my way."

I didn't think that I'd ever miss the sound of the morning, noon and afternoon whistle--the constant noisiness of that old mill. Well, I was in for a big shock.

Now that I'm here, there are lonely times just like at home. There are idle moments when my mind drifts back to the things I thought would be forgotten--little things like favorite spots on the creek banks, the sound of the water as it makes another little stream.

I know now that no matter how far you go away you'll think and you'll remember. And maybe you'll want to go back--back to the country, the place you thought you'd forget.

GREAT PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN

By Rosalie Schultz
Schurz High School

I am personally acquainted with some of the greatest people who have ever lived. For example, I have chatted for long hours with Albert Einstein about the work he has done in the field of mathematics and about his views on life in general. I was at Franklin D. Roosevelt's first inauguration as president of the United States. It was an awe-inspiring moment when Roosevelt and I advanced together toward the platform while "Pomp and Circumstance" was being played in the background. I was in the wings and the first one to clasp George Gershwin's hands as he came off stage after the premiere performance of "Rhapsody in Blue." I have even had dinner with Diamond Jim Brady at Delmonico's. My friendships have by no means been limited to those living in the twentieth century, however. When Socrates drank the poison hemlock, I was there, looking on from a corner of his little stone cell room.

By this time you must be wondering how I could have known all these people, but every word I have said is true. I really have been to all these places and I have known all these people. How have I done this? I have read their various biographies. Through biographies one gets a greater insight into a man's life than probably could be acquired even by knowing him in life. A biography gives a complete panorama of a man - his why, his when, his where, his how. What more could one ask of a single category of books?

HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS--ADVERTISEMENT

By Beverly Butler
Phillips High School

Disgusted with your friends? Tired of the same old faces every day? Well, we have what you're looking for: A sure-fire method to lose friends in only five easy lessons. Send only one dollar ($1.00) and we'll rush to you our lesson pamphlet.

The Anti-Friendship Club
Post Office Box ABC
Nowhere, O.S.A.

A subcriber received a pamphlet containing the following:

Lesson I: Be Jealous

Turn into a green-eyed monster; no matter what your friends do or get become jealous of them. They'll soon become tired of your envious attitude and zoom! There goes a handful of friends.

Lesson II: Make Them Jealous

Another way to lose friends is to own things which are desired very much by them. Then, in turn, they will become little green-eyed monsters and presto! You can say goodbye to another group of friends.

Lesson III: Be Conceited

Become a self-centered personality; always talk about YOU. To you no one else exists. Good, you're learning fast. They're thinning out.

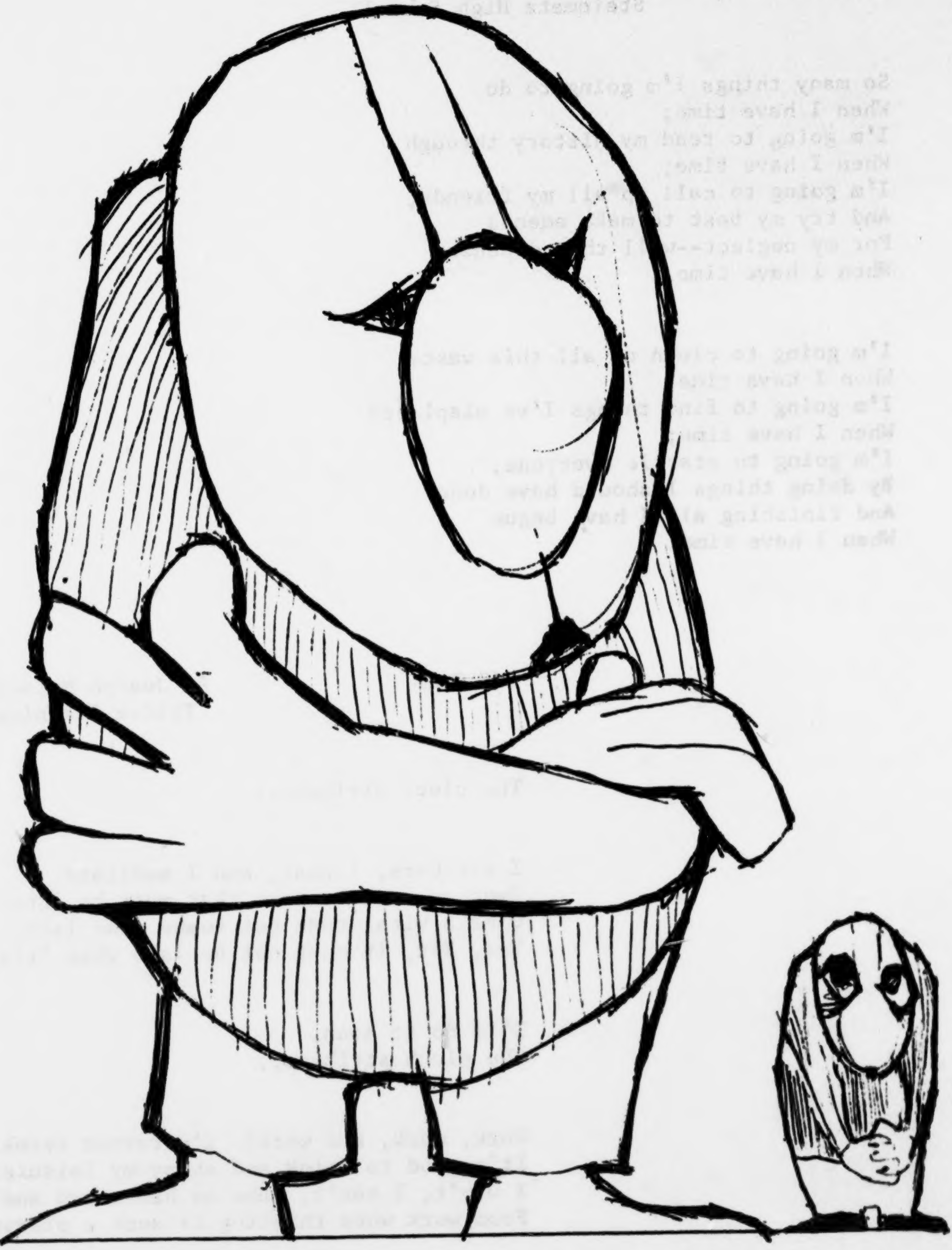
Lesson IV: Be Selfish

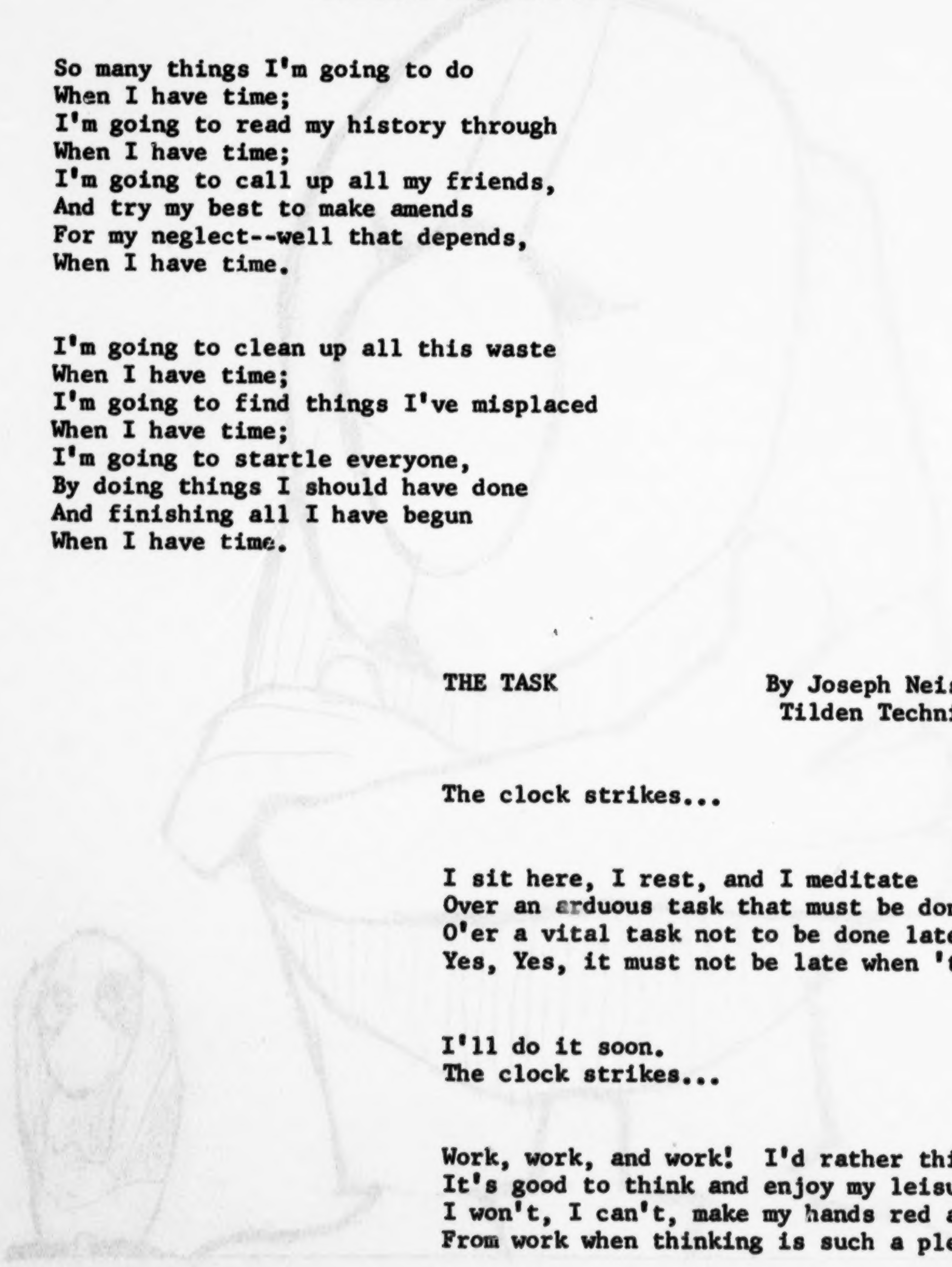
Become selfish, want everything for yourself. Become a pennypincher; never give anything to anyone. Keep to yourself, never go anywhere, and, above all, never associate with anyone. That should whittle the list down a little more.

Lesson V:

If the preceding four lessons have not eliminated all of your friends, then try this super lesson. Use all of the lessons on your remaining friends (if any) and that should do the trick.

Congratulations, you have now completed your five lessons on "How to Lose Friends." How does it feel to be completely friendless? Wonderful, I hope. Good luck to you in your new life.





PROCRASTINATION

By Thomas Olsen
Steinmetz High School

So many things I'm going to do
When I have time;
I'm going to read my history through
When I have time;
I'm going to call up all my friends,
And try my best to make amends
For my neglect--well that depends,
When I have time.

I'm going to clean up all this waste
When I have time;
I'm going to find things I've misplaced
When I have time;
I'm going to startle everyone,
By doing things I should have done
And finishing all I have begun
When I have time.

THE TASK

By Joseph Neisendorfer
Tilden Technical High

The clock strikes...

I sit here, I rest, and I meditate
Over an arduous task that must be done,
O'er a vital task not to be done late.
Yes, Yes, it must not be late when 'tis done.

I'll do it soon.
The clock strikes...

Work, work, and work! I'd rather think.
It's good to think and enjoy my leisure.
I won't, I can't, make my hands red and sore
From work when thinking is such a pleasure.

I'll do it later.
The clock strikes...

This boring job! Someone else should do it.
This dreadful task! Why did it fall on me?
I know, I'll get someone else to do it.
I'll get someone else and I'll be free.

Someone else will do it.
The clock strikes...

But no, no one else will tackle this thing,
For they are a lazy lot and would quit.
I know them; their work's not worth a farthing.
I guess that I, I alone, must do it.

I must do it.
The clock strikes...

Alas, the clock tells that it is too late.
There is no more time. It should have been done.
But it isn't done and I'm told by fate
That it really did not have to be done.

It wasn't done.
The clock strikes...

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

By Mary Anderson
Flower Vocational High

Proms can be very troublesome to a short girl. Take my word for it--that is the word of a five-footer. It all began when I went shopping for my prom gown. After I had been refused service at two stores by sales girls who thought I was too young to be going to a prom, I finally found my dream lress in a third store. It was floor length, but in my case it reached to the basement. I tried it on, being careful not to trip over it. I was dmiring my reflection in the mirror when the sales lady came into the lressing room, pondered for a moment and said, "It will look better when ou put your heels on, little girl." At this point I picked up the skirt f my dress about three feet and showed her that indeed this little girl

was wearing high heels. She looked at me from head to toe, which didn't take very long, gave a feeble laugh and hurriedly left.

I bought the dress however, and a week later was found in the alterations department having it shortened about two feet. The seamstress remarked that with the material she was taking off she could make a nice tent. I just ignored that and when she left the room I got even by tying her tape measure in knots.

Next came the shoes and stockings. When you wear a size 4½ shoe you can expect most anything when you go to buy a pair of shoes - but I was certainly not prepared for what happened! I marched in and announced my size, acknowledged the usual double take from the salesman, and sat down. When he came out with the shoes I remarked to my girlfriend that these were for graduation. The clerk continued the conversation with, "Graduation, huh, eighth grade, huh, boy, you fourteen-year-olds and your high heels." My girlfriend went into hysteria, while I kept quiet and calmed myself with the realization that this was one of the few stores that carried my size and that I had better keep quiet.

When I went to buy hose the clerk murmured, "Extra short length," and then looked down from her six foot perch and inquired about my size. Finally, I had my dress, shoes, and stockings, and an assortment of wisecracks.

The rest of my wardrobe gave me little trouble with the exception of my gloves. The clerk reached across the table, grabbed my hand and said, "Why don't you check in the children's department and see if they sell long gloves?"

Well, prom night arrived and I thought all my troubles were gone until I got out on the dance floor and realized that I only came up to my date's belt buckle. On the way home my date kept mumbling something about how the waiter looked when I ordered a shrimp cocktail. I tried to explain that it was only a coincidence but he snickered again when the waiter suggested, with a twinkle in his eye, shortening bread. The evening was climaxed by the appearance of the Chicago telephone directory. I sat on the yellow pages throughout dinner because I kept sinking into the booth. When the time came to say goodnight to my date at the door step, my size was no problem. Let's just say he stooped to conquer.

THE MAIN STREET OF MY HOME TOWN

By Bertha Toepritz
Waller High School

I was sorry to see them go, that cobblestone-paved street and those tall, old elm trees. I know, I know; cobblestones are old-fashioned and inconvenient, and the trees interfere with the new power line. But they were my friends. We had had many good times together, in winter and in summer. In winter the street looked like a Christmas card come to life, so still and white and dreamy. In early spring on my way home from church, stepping carefully from stone to stone not touching even one little crack, I'd watch the sunbeams play with the light green of the young leaves. On hot, dusty summer days I would ride my bicycle down the street, bouncing high with every crack the wheels hit. It didn't add to the health of my trusty iron steed, but it was great fun.

Cobblestones and elm trees! To me they are symbols of something. They stand for home, and everything I loved. Even now, whenever I see a cobblestone street lined with tall, old, majestic trees, I feel at home there. Somehow the people there seem friendlier and warmer. And somehow I feel like a little girl again walking down the main street of that small, forgotten town I call home.

AN EXPERIENCE I NEVER FORGOT

By George Skupien
Chicago Vocational High

Last summer, while up north in Wisconsin at a small resort on White Lake, I had an experience that I shall never want to forget.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening, and almost the whole week we had been trying to discover the lure that the lunkers would take--my dad and I. The day was perfect. It was not too hot to make the bass lazy, but cool, thus making them lively. The sun was just setting, and the water was beginning to become calm, leaving it clear.

I was using a light spinning rod and reel, with six-pound test line. I decided to try an old trick that had made the kill about two years before.

I took a nine-inch leader, well weighted, and snapped on a perch-colored L. & S. Mirolure. This would enable me to get well to the bottom, where the water was about 60 or 70 degrees, and where the bass would be lurking.

On the first cast I let the rig, that I had made up, sink well to the bottom, as I had planned. While I was waiting for the line to become limp, showing that I had hit bottom, a strange thing happened. The line that I figured would become limp, became tight. Thinking nothing of it, I started to shake the rod as I would to free the lure of a snag. When I did this, I felt a pull on the rod like a team of horses. This was a feeling that I had never encountered before. This was no snag but a fish that was surely the granddaddy of the waters.

I played the fish desperately, not giving him one chance to get loose. The rod bent like a piece of rubber, bobbing up and down to the rhythm of the fish's fight.

When I finally worked him to the top, I thought he was through forever. He was coming in belly up, totally exhausted. When he reached the boat and spotted my dad and me, he took off like a missile off a launching pad. He swerved under the boat to try to free himself of this strange thing that had happened to him.

Then suddenly, with no warning at all, he gave his last burst of strength, and the line broke like a piece of thread. The drag on my reel would not let him dive.

My father and I sat there, ready to cry. Directly afterwards, we both put on the same rig that I had lost, and cast furiously to try to change our luck. After working for about half an hour, we caught three good-sized bass. But the father-of-waters was gone for good.

This was truly an experience I will never forget.

SURF FISHING

By Joe Radziejewski
Prosser Vocational High

All day long you see them there, deep in the surf, fishing. Up on the beach each one has a large basket containing clams for bait, extra hooks, some doo-dads dear to the heart of the individual fisherman, and an old newspaper all ready to protect the anticipated catch from the sun.

Some of them wear bathing suits; others wear rubber hip-boots, or, simply, old clothes that they won't mind getting wet. If they are the so-called "experts," they will have a leather belt with a socket to hold the butt of the rod. Every now and then you will see them pacing backward up the beach, reeling in the line. They will mutter something about "a big strike that time," and "he got away with the bait." With zealous care, they spear another clam on the hook, twisting it over and over again on the barb, so it will not fall off.

There they stand. And the long ridges of surf crumble about their knees. The wave gathers height and speed as it moves toward the beach. It seems to pull itself together for the last plunge. The first wave that ever rolled up to a beach probably didn't break. It just slid.

A man may watch the water a thousand times, a million times. It will never be old, never really familiar. Color varies from hour to hour, from day to day. Sometimes it will be olive-green or gray.

The backwash tugs at a man's boots, making little channels under his feet. The salt crusts and thickens in his hair. And then he has forgotten everything, save the rhythm of the falling waves.

He backs out of the water, reeling in the line as he does. Some swimmers gather around him, when it comes out of the water. Suddenly, he wonders how such a big ocean could give up such a small fish.

TREES OF LIFE

By Sandra Carlson
Morgan Park High

Gnarled, twisted, deformed by life's worst, exists a tree.
In such a state exists a man.
His life--twisted and deformed by elements about him.
His purpose--jumbled and confused like the limbs of the tree.
His roots--weakly searching for nourishment in the barren soil of his life.

Straight, lean, searching for the best in existence, lives another tree.
So exists another man.
His life--well-defined, unaltered by bad influences.
His purpose--promising and strong like the straight limbed elm.
His roots--finding support in the fertility and fruitlessness of his life.

EYES OF CONSCIENCE

By Cheryl Miller
Steinmetz High School

What eyes?
What eyes are these
Which stare so boldly?
What right have they to search,
To pry into my very soul
And see what I have hidden there?

They approach
Coming closer,
Closer
Till I can see the smoldering fire
Which burns within them.
What horror they bear for the wicked!

The wicked?
Is that I?
Certainly not!
Then why do I tremble so?
These eyes can do no harm to me.
But why do they stare so accusingly?
I have done nothing so obscene
To deserve these loathsome,
Torturing
Eyes which seem to scream
VILLAIN! VILLAIN!
Dear God!
What have I done?
My fortune I shall give to the wretched
Undeserving creatures
From whom I stole it!

Wicked eyes--with me yet?
Leave me, I pray.
I have stomach for no more.

My new angelic ways
Shall put even the saints to shame.

Ah! The accusers leave.
They fade into a last glimmer--
Those soul-searching eyes,
Which anyone might have said
Were mine.

DEATH

By Elliot Rapoport
Harper High School

I saw a bird dip and sway,
It sailed along as swift as day.
I saw it
Falter------
I turned away.

EXEUNT

By Robert Coleman
Mather High School

My years have passed three score and ten
I've seen much more than many men
And when you've lived as long as I
You stare forthright into Death's eye.

You fabricate your musty bier
Your sepulcher, your shroud, your tomb
You stand against that blackguard Death
You laugh at him, you do not fear.

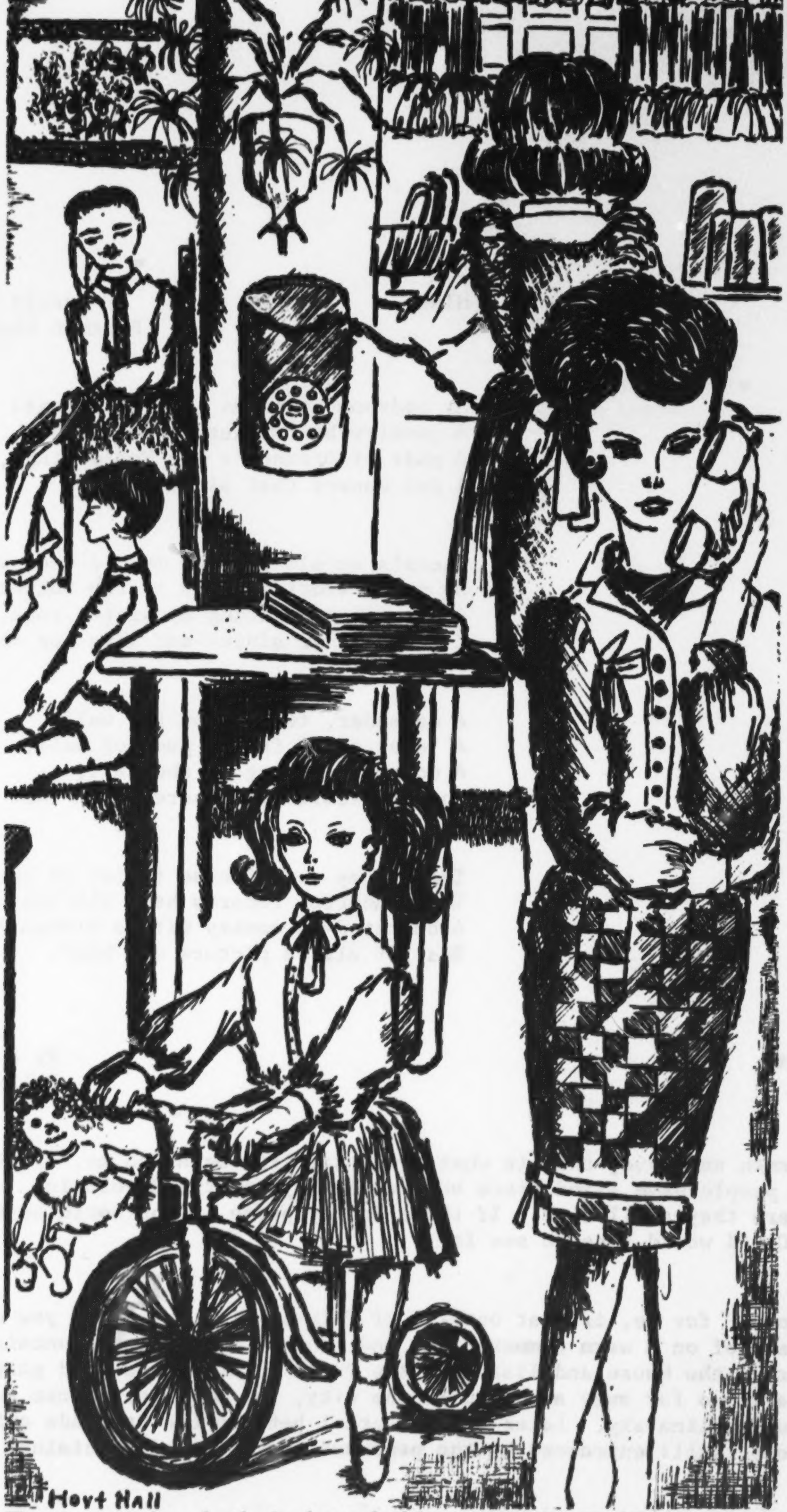
For you are old, and you know well
The foibles of this fickle Life
It does not hold you in its web
On you it cannot weave its spell.

Your world is dead, it's felt Death's bite
Your loved ones -- wife and children too
They've all been called and all that's left
For you is the eternal Night.

My years have passed three score and ten
Today I gaze into the Pit
And contemplate that ghastly face
My Nemesis, my onetime fear.

But I am not afraid, not now --
I gladly jump, I gladly fall
I plummet toward my doom with heart
Both light and resolute for all.

And now Death stalks me, circling here
He moves in slowly for the kill
He strikes! and I transverse the Night
I do not cringe, I do not fear.



There must be, both in household
and families, a sharing of the
good life.

--Aristotle

FAMILY

MINE

By Marcia Unzicker
Foreman High School

My bedroom contains lots of things:
A jewelry box of pearls and rings,
A pair of Brother's Air Force wings,
A pet canary that always sings.

There's an old top hat my dad once wore,
My mom's wedding dress in the bottom drawer;
A beautiful painting my sister tore,
I forgave her since--and love her more.

A calendar, too, is on the wall,
A 'shot of me from a game of ball;
A doorway leading to the hall,
And the leaves I gathered from last fall.

There's my record case filled to the brim,
The wonderful records held within;
A battered-up monkey with a broken limb,
Best of all, a picture of "him".

HOME

By Shelley Miller
Kelly High School

Warmth and love, that is what North Carolina means to me. That is where my people have lived since before the days of the Revolution, and that is where they still live. If there is any place in the world better than N.C., I would like to see it.

"Home," for me, is just outside of Fairview, N. C. There you can sit on the roof on a warm summer night and look at sheltering mountains that circle the house and listen to the frogs in the trees, and gaze up at the stars, so far away and cold in the city, but strangely close and warm under the Carolina sky. Later you can crawl between the handmade quilts and sleep, still entranced by the panorama of stars and mountains.

In the morning, you wake up to see the sun filtering a beam through the dusty air onto your bed, warming you. Then you get out of bed and run barefoot on the grass, which is still wet from dew. On one side you see the old path against the woods. To the back is the barn and the unused fields. When you return, you go into the kitchen, which smells of all the delicious breakfast smells of a southern kitchen, and from there into the dining room. There is a long table laden with cornbread and put up last fall, applesauce and just about anything your heart could desire. You eat your breakfast in the light-flooded room facing the cornfields.

After breakfast is over, you go back into the kitchen and pump a drink of fresh water from the spring. After that, there are hundreds of exciting things you can do. You can follow the path into the woods and look at all the different kinds of berries and leaves you have never seen before, or you can walk up to the barn and dig your feet in the warm earth and hay. You can go to the creek and swim, or walk over the foot-bridge with all of your cousins and bounce on it until it crackles and shakes. From there you can walk up the path to Miller Road and go to the store. After you have gone to the store, you might go to my Aunt Lillian's and run on the lawn or sit on the porch and look around at the old, stately home, the surrounding willows, the welcoming boxwoods, and the neatly trimmed lawns that lead to a cool mountain stream.

At twilight you can go out and sit on the bridge over the stream and watch the fish and watersnakes in the water below. Then you can trace your way back along the path over the log bridge, out of the woods, and into the warm, welcoming house. There, the teen-agers are dancing to the radio in the front room. In the rocking chair you will find my Papaw singing the babies to sleep, as he has for three generations. In the dining room are the uncles, and in the kitchen you'll find Granny heating water in the old stove to wash the dishes in.

This is a typical day in the life of the people down home. It is filled with excitement, pleasure, warmth, and sounds, the sounds of a mountain stream bubbling over rocks, or the dogs and chickens in the morning, or the wind in the trees, or the music in the lilting voice of the Southerner.

If nature ever created a perfect place on earth, it is the circle of mountains in which nestles my grandfather's home, sheltered by the Smokies. That is where I want to be.

I RECOMMEND FATHER

By Michael Franklin Stample
Bogan High School

Chemists analyze compounds by breaking them down into their principal elements. Perhaps I can analyze my father in the same way.

First comes love. He has never even mentioned (in my presence) any other fifteen-year old son named Michael Franklin. He must be quite partial to me.

Second comes his smile. He always has a kind word or a gentle rib for everyone he meets. For instance, every time he just sees me, he laughs... with pride, I suppose.

Third, comes loyalty. My dad loves our home too much to ever think of leaving. The travel posters and suitcases he's been packing in the basement are undoubtedly for some charitable organization.

Fourth, comes memory. He has never forgotten my allowance. All I need do is say, "Dad, do you remember my allowance?" and he'll say, "Yes, I remember."

Fifth is calmness. I could run up to my dad and say, "Dad, I've just placed first in the whole U.S.A. in the National Merit," or "Fritz Reiner has asked me to conduct the Chicago Symphony Orchestra for a guest fee of one hundred thousand dollars," or "President Kennedy wants me in Washington for a top cabinet position, and... and..." Breathlessly I await his calm reply. "Fine. But you'll have to cut the grass before you can go anywhere."

That's my father. He's undemonstrative, but that's only because he's shy. He wants the best for me, though we may differ on what the best is. He is a pretty nice guy, all told.

TO MOTHER

By Marilyn Lavine
Amundsen High School

Because the spirit of man is an unchanging, immortal subject, there is no birth and there is no death. My understanding of birth describes this act as the production of a material form which one may physically feel. Therefore, death is the final disappearance of this so-called form of man. After death occurs, one may never again come in physical contact with the deceased, for the material body vanishes. Yet, even though the body is gone, the spirit remains forever.

I know that this theory is true because I am now experiencing its workings. Not long ago my mother passed away. Her death was sudden and senseless; and during the many days which have passed since this occurrence, I have searched for consolation and reasons for her death. Reasons, there are none. Yet, through this theory I have found consolation. Yes, her body is gone, but she is still here. In every room of our home I feel her with me. At school, on the bus, anywhere and everywhere she is near. I see her pretty face and kindness in everything that is good. Her body is gone; I will no longer reach out and touch her. But her spirit is with me to eternity.

ONE OF THE BEST

By Malcolm Clark
Harper High School

My father was one of the best fathers in the world. You might think I am prejudiced, but I have many facts to back up my statement. My father instilled in me at an early age certain attitudes toward life that have helped me, and will continue to do so the rest of my life.

When I reached the tender age of three, Santa Claus brought me an Erector set and a five-car American Flyer electric train. Instead of just turning them over to me, my father showed me how to set up the train and how to run it properly. We would work for hours at a time building things with the construction set, and when we were finished with it, I would put every piece in its proper place in the box. I didn't like it too much at first, but I finally realized I wouldn't have to waste time organizing the pieces the next time I wanted to use it. Because I was taught how to use these toys and how to take care of them, both are still in first class running condition. I still put my train under the Christmas tree each year.

When I was four, Santa left a large set of plastic blocks. This, too, helped to cultivate a proper mental attitude toward the objects around me. After a child has constructed a house with these blocks, it is quite natural for him to wreck it with one sweeping motion of his hand. But I was taught never to destroy anything that I took the time and effort to build, and to respect the things other people have taken the time to build. From that day forward I always took my houses apart brick by brick.

Each time I brought home a better than average report card, I was rewarded by my father. For each "E" I received I was given twenty-five cents, but I got nothing for any grade lower than that. By learning to do my very best in the early years of school, I acquired the habit. I always did my best to bring home good grades because I found it awkward to try to explain to my father that I had not done my best. If I had difficulty with a subject, my father was always there to help me get a better understanding of it, but he never did the work for me; he just showed me how to do it.

After my father found out from the principal of my elementary school that I was college material, he never asked me IF I planned to go to college. But when the subject came up, it was always WHEN I go to college. This showed me that he wanted me to amount to something; it took the form of a challenge for me not to let him down.

I was never without something I needed, but I had to earn some of the luxuries. At the age of eight, I had saved enough money to buy my own bicycle. After seven years of faithful service it still "purrs like a kitten." Through this experience, I learned the importance of saving my money for something I wanted very much instead of wasting it on trivial things. I always saved with a purpose.

As I look back it seems as if we were always doing something together, whether it was remodeling our house, or fishing in Canada when I was thirteen. My father was a "jack-of-all-trades" and was good in all of them. He was an amateur plumber, electrician, mechanic, painter, carpenter, and arbitrator (between my sister and me), in addition to being branch manager of the Sinclair Refining Company. By watching and helping him repair things around the house I have learned enough to carry on in his absence. He was more than a father to me, he was a friend, a companion, and a PAL.

I'm not the only person who thinks my father was one of the best. When I was in the eighth grade, I wrote an essay about him, and sent it in to the "Father's Day Contest." You guessed it, it was one of the winners!!!

THE DAY I HOPED EVERYONE WAS LYING

By James Argyris
Taft High School

Lightning was flashing, and there was more noise than Hell itself. Weeping, I crawled on the back seat of the black taxi cab. It was not fear that made me cry my eyes out, though. Nor was it the terrible sight of lightning that forced my hands to close into fists and, with all the strength of a twelve-year-old, bring those fists up and down on the hard seat. It was something more, something deep inside me, deep in my heart.

My mother, sitting beside me, tried to calm me by putting her arms around me.

"Why? Why Mommy? Oh...why...why...why?" I cried, fisting the seat still harder and harder.

Why must there be wars between nations? Have we not been taught the bitterness of war? Most of all, why should my little country and countless other small defenseless countries enter a war which they don't even understand?

Do we owe so much to the so-called Great Countries, great in strength but low in feeling, that we have to follow their orders, even if it means our own destruction? Or is it fear that makes us follow them?

The people of these Great Countries--do they really have something to believe in? Something which they call Democracy? Or is it Capitalism? Or is it hunger for strength?

As these and many more questions went around in my mind, the stronger my hatred grew towards the men, their nations, and their leaders who began the new war, the Korean War--the war that forced me to kiss my father goodbye for perhaps the last time.

I loved my father, loved him more than anything in the world. I always did what he did and went where he went. Now that he was gone, I felt like an artist who has just lost his sight or a singer who has just lost his voice.

Like a ship battling its way through large, mountain-like waves, the taxi moved slowly uphill, on the slippery road leading to our home in Athens, Greece.

Days went by, weeks, months, almost a year--the longest year of my life. We had a letter from my father almost every week. Everything was going fine, he wrote us. The Greek regiment was winning most of the battles it fought. He--my father--got many medals. He sent us a picture of himself wearing so many medals it was hard to recognize him.

He had been gone a few months more than a year when we got a letter from him, a very special letter. He said that the United Nations had pushed the Communists back and that the war was close to an end. He would be getting home soon, he wrote us.

"Did you hear that, Mother!" I cried. With the letter in my hands, I began a wild dance around the kitchen floor.

"He is coming home! Father is coming home!" I went on crying and ran down the stairs into the street. "He is coming home! He is coming home! My father is coming home!" Rushing up and down the neighborhood streets I shouted to every single person I met, so great was my happiness.

I could hardly wait to see my father again. I stayed up nights, thinking of all the things we used to do together before he had gone away. How wonderful it would be to do them again! I remembered him as a soft-spoken, lovable person, and hoped that the dreadfulness of war had not changed him. All this and much more I thought about the one whom I loved and missed so very much.

Hours ticked away like years and days like centuries. A month went by, a whole month. There was no other word from my father. My mother was nervous, worried, but I was not. I knew he would come home; he had told us so himself in his letter. My father never lied to me.

Then came that quiet October morning. The peaceful farmer was fixing up his horse-pulled wagon, and the rooster was singing good morning to the upcoming sun. Suddenly, out of dawn's quietness, there was the sound of bells. Never in my life had I heard St. Nicholas' bells ringing that early. There was something strange in the way they were ringing, too. It was not the fast, happy way they usually rang; they were ringing slowly, slowly, one at a time. They were ringing unhappily, trying to express something sad, unwanted.

Half asleep, I walked to the veranda, and took a look toward St. Nicholas Square.

"What do you see, Demetrios?" asked my mother, as she followed me out onto the veranda.

"Nothing yet," I murmured. "Just a truck unloading some wooden cases."

The next thing I heard was the noise of the door shutting, and someone's steps going down the stairs in a great hurry. Leaning over to see who it was, I saw my mother.

"Mother, mother, wait for me!" I called out.

She did not hear me though. She kept on running. It was the first time I had ever seen my mother acting this way. She had already made her way through the large crowd gathered in the churchyard.

When I entered St. Nicholas' gate, everyone turned to look at me. "What have I done?" I asked myself. "What has my mother done? Is it so bad that they have to look at me with such sorrow in their eyes?"

Slowly but steadily I walked through the crowd. A scene difficult for me to understand was taking place at the other side of the enlarging group. Many wooden cases just like the ones I had seen from the veranda were spread over the square. People with tearful eyes were gathered around each of them.

As I felt someone's hand touch mine, and turned to see who it was, I saw my mother. She was kneeling and with her forehead on one of the cases, she was crying. She was a grown woman, yet she was crying like a little girl.

Slowly she brought her head up, and with tears running down her cheeks like a stream, "Your father, your father..." she murmured. "He isn't coming home."

The whole world seemed to be spinning around my head as I knelt and stared blindly at her.

"Can't you understand, Demetrios? Your father is dead!" she shouted, shaking me. "Say something! Do something!" she cried. "Oh, what is the use?" she murmured, and let her head drop upon the case.

"No, no, no," I murmured lostlike while getting up slowly. "It isn't true! It can't be true!" I shouted. "You're lying. Do you hear me? You are all nothing but a bunch of liars!" I cried, running around wildly and pointing at people in the crowd.

"You! You, Pater," I shouted to one of the priests standing nearby. "Tell me the truth. Tell my mother the truth. My father...he...he is... not dead, is...he? Tell me, Pater, tell me!" I cried, noticing the silent sadness on his face. "Tell me, tell me, tell..." I went on. Then breaking into tears, I fell on my knees.

I knew my father was dead, but I could not believe it. I did not want to believe it. Finally, I forced myself up from my knees, and brushed the tears away. As I walked towards my weeping mother, I could almost see my father, see the tall, gentle man, kneeling right in front of me, with his arms on my shoulders, just like the day I kissed him goodbye.

"Goodbye, Demetrios," he had told me. "Goodbye, son, and take good care of your mother."

Take good care of my mother, something I had to learn to do. I helped my mother up, and both half crying, we walked out of the churchyard.

COMBAT TACTICS

By David Chesham
Austin High School

I have a sister. Her name? That is immaterial. It suffices to say that she is, in all probability, the perfect embodiment of the typical sister, who, of course, loves her big brother but seeks to hide this devotion of the "blood that is thicker than water" variety under a dark mantle of intrigue, deception, needling, coy baiting, and overt acts of aggression. Such is my sister dear.

I cite one period when I lived in "splendid isolation," ignoring sisterly onslaughts; however, when she passed through the Brandenburg Gate, figuratively speaking (by serving me an artificial pear for dessert), hostilities commenced with savage intent.

I must add a word about the neutral powers, my mother and father. Seldom did these mighty ones exercise their authority. Occasionally they did act as liaisons, mediators, strong-armed gendarmes, usually to my disadvantage. "No fighting back. Girls are more tender than boys." "Remember she's your little sister." "She really didn't mean a thing, son." "That's just her way."

Ah, just her way when I found my socks stuffed with marbles, and when she aped me in my football equipment, the helmet down to her shoulders, the sweatshirt to her ankles, and two rolls of tissue stuck to her shoulders for pads. Just her way when she lisped to a young lady on the phone, "David was naughty today. He has to sit on a chair and can't come to the phone." Or just her sweet sisterly, indulgent way when she characterized my buddies as "beady-eyed," and "that barrel-voiced baritone," and "Sammy with the side-car hips."

Because of the rules of the household, I am restrained from all adequate means of torture and purposeful aggression: knives, guns, fists, and out-flung feet. However, to an accomplished strategist such as I, this adds to the delight of long, deep, devilish thoughts to the challenge. I have evolved satisfactory and imaginative methods of resistance and attack: the "casually-placed" foot under the table, the "accidental" misjudging of a football tossed lightly indoors, the short-sheeting of feminine bedcovers, the substitution of empty candy-wrappers for the loot hidden for midnight nibbling, and the artful confiscation of the Sunday comics.

At present, there has been no capitulation on either side, and there is no armistice in sight; a very stale stalemate exists. The cold war sometimes rises to hot discussion, incendiary actions, and explosive glances; but our Brandenburg Gate has not been violated. Or so *she* thinks. Many times, however, I must snatch victory out of adolescent arms. For example, my co-belligerent and I are extremely active in church work and are often designated for duties both menial and public. As responsibility is not my forte, and I am retiring by nature, I hesitate. My sister, however, shares no such belief about my talents and will often volunteer my services, perhaps to remove interest from her own noble person. Yes, David will lead the young people in group singing. Certainly, he studied conducting for many years and knows all the keys. He will be delighted.

A major defeat for me.

But all was not lost. Fate was kind. Sunday I was almost voiceless, certainly melody-less. I confronted the youth group. I displayed regret, apology, even despair. "I'm terribly sorry," I croaked, "but I'm a frog today." I then made a loud and loving-brotherly request. "I can manage if my sister will sing with me." There was a look of horror, fierce denouncement, then the slow steps forward of the *defeated*.

All is quiet at the moment on both fronts, but I must be consistently on guard. I never can tell when hostilities will commence, when sister will cease to be sweet and become sisterly in one sense of the word. There is not the slightest doubt about the matter - insidious, resourceful, vengeful though my sister may be - I'd still choose to be her brother. After all, who taught her the ways of war?

GRANDPA

By Ann Korner
Amundsen High

My first recollection of Grandpa is the pleasant odor of cigars and Smith Brothers' menthol coughdrops. I remember the roughness of his bristly whiskers against my soft baby cheeks and the sound of the gentle Irish brogue. All through my life whenever I hear an Irishman speak, it takes me back to the days I spent with this grandfather. We would sit in the pleasant warmth of the kitchen, with radiators hissing to us; and I would listen to his tales of the beautiful, emerald-green countryside of Ireland. We would sip tea, steaming and hot from the teapot, and munch on crispy, salted crackers. Then came the tragic day when we moved away.

My grandfather died; and when we returned to the hectic, bustling metropolis of Chicago, I had lost my best friend and confidant. I have never found another quite like him.

PEACE

By Judy Silverman
Bowen High School

Several years after my grandmother died, I had a very strange, but wonderful dream. It lasted but a few minutes, and yet these minutes were probably some of the most significant in my life.

In my dream my grandmother spoke to me. Funny, I can remember her as if I had seen her only yesterday. Her face, made pale and thin from illness, was smiling now. The worried expression she had often worn was replaced by a kind of radiance, that which goes hand in hand with profound happiness. Even as I slept, my heart swelled with joy to see her so content.

"Judy," she said, in the gentle way I had grown to love, "don't worry about me now. Heaven is a beautiful place. I'm here with God now, and everything is all right."

I can remember how I cried as she spoke these words, and yet, although I missed her greatly, these were tears of relief rather than of grief. Somehow, I concluded, God had enforced his will. He had brought my grandmother to heaven, and here, in this glorious Paradise, she had found relief from all the pain and suffering she had known.

My reflections, however, were interrupted, for my dream had not yet ended. Suddenly, my grandmother was gone, and in her place a magnificent scene appeared before my eyes. Had a million suns been shining, they could never have produced rays more golden than those I saw in my dream. Birds were flying about, and bells were ringing, and in the midst of this splendid setting, a thousand angels sang in perfect harmony, their sweet voices creating a sound unlike any song I had ever heard. I listened, and the angels continued to sing their marvelous song. "Peace!" they exclaimed. "Peace!"

Tears were now steadily rolling down my cheeks. "Peace," I cried over and over again, and all at once I understood. My grandmother was experiencing a peace unknown to mortals, a peace so exalted and so supreme that it has no place on an earth so corrupt as ours. Somewhere, far off in the heavens, the tired could find refuge in a place where troubles disappear and happiness is eternal.

As long as I live, I will never forget this beautiful dream. Somehow it has given me courage to go through life unafraid to face what lies ahead. It is my desire to lead a good life, to follow the example set by my grandmother and others like her, for I know that if I do, I, too, may someday know this beautiful and unique peace, truly a peace everlasting.

MY AUNT (A LA CHAUCER)

By Adrienne Bass
Roosevelt High

Seek not far if you would find
The common cross of all mankind.
Our friends we all can choose and pick,
But water's thin and blood is thick.
An aunt have I -- she should be told
That all that glitters is not gold;
For, acting like a silly girl,
She gaily glitters each gray curl.
As if the sparkle weren't enough,
The paths she leaves of sparkly stuff
Would try the patience of a saint;
(Not to mention some that ain't!)
You'd think she would have reached the stage
Where she'd begin to act her age;
And yet her clothes in gaudy shades,
Confirm the fact that though youth fades,
Its fleeting traces some must hold
To stay the fate of growing old.

BABYSITTING?

By Marlene Hecko
Spalding High School

Babysitting? An awkward teen-ager attempting futilely to cope and match wits with the typical five-year-old?

Not at our house! There's an odd twist to our arrangement, with the teen-ager, me, and the typical five-year-old, my nephew. Since I contracted polio I haven't liked to stay alone, so he sits with me in the responsible position of "Officer of the Day." Mollifying a teen-ager can be a pretty taxing and thankless job!

But, of course, I'm sitting with him, too, and my trick is to make him think he is the boss, while keeping him under control. We have a great many discussions on all kinds of subjects, and many times I quite forget that he is still only five years old; for instance, when he asks, "What is Communism?" and I try to explain. This can get complicated! His questions and reasoning often make me stop and meditate.

My babysitter differs from ordinary ones, in that his pay is not cash, but edibles from the refrigerator and the goodie-box. At his age such an arrangement is very satisfactory.

The duties and responsibilities of this pint-sized babysitter are much the same as those of any other sitter. He answers the door and phone, relays messages, and ably patronizes his teen-aged charge. Of course, in return, I tell him stories and play games with him.

The question is, just who is babysitting with whom? Anyway, whichever it is, the arrangement is highly acceptable to both of us.

ONLY THING IS...

By Caryn Tajiri
Sullivan High

Never have I seen such eyes! Unique even to their coloring of deep, rich, warm honey with pupils the color of midnight skies. Emphasized by a fringe of dusky lashes, they are capable of expressing more sheer and beautiful emotion than can her generous mouth; but under most circumstances they merely reveal her composed, unaffected, compassionate personality. Her brief eyebrows, soft and subtle, bless her face with a kind of alert naivete both artful and intelligent.

Whisper soft, her image is one of comely femininity, grace and litheness. She clicks through a world with her own brand of individuality on wispiest of ankles and two handfuls of feet. Though slight and petite, she possesses an aura that commands attention, admiration, affection.

There is a special warmth that emanates from her bluntly beautiful face: her charm is immeasurable, her style unforgettable, her voice beyond superlatives. Only thing is--she's a little short for a full-grown German shepherd.

LONELY

By Rose Cada
Farragut High School

Rushing, running, along the dirt road, past field after field, farm after farm, and finally up into the yard, past the vegetable garden, through the screen door, and into the kitchen.

"Aunt Martha--"
"Jeff, how many times must I tell you not to slam that door? Goodness sake, you'll tear it right off the hinges some day."
"Aunt Martha, I want a dog. A real dog of my own. And old Mrs. Hedgewick's dog had a pup and she's gonna drown it because she doesn't want it. She says I can have it if I want it. And if you really love me, you'll let me have it," Jeff blurted out.

Odd, he thought, there he was again saying "if you love me" to get something. It worked, though. Aunt Martha and Uncle Jack never refused him anything when he appealed to them thus. Jeff knew they didn't love him, though--they just didn't want to admit they hated him. Nobody loved or wanted him. They were just currently stuck with him. He remembered well that day last year when his aunt and uncle agreed to raise him. Jeff's parents were killed in an accident when he was only four. They hadn't wanted him either, come to think of it. They had wanted a girl. He had two older brothers, but neither wanted to be responsible for him now, either. He had gone from hand to hand, each relative watching how much he ate and cost them. But that was all over now. When he was to be sent to an orphanage last year, Aunt Martha arranged his adoption--not that she wanted him, understand--it was probably against her principles to let someone from her family be raised in an orphanage. So here he was out in the country--sort of an extra hand.

But a dog--he really wanted a dog. He'd seen her every day on his way home from school. She was a mongrel and nobody wanted her--just like him.

"Well, Jeff, we'll see. I'll talk to your uncle. You'll promise to look after the dog and keep it from under-foot?"

And so the next day Jeff brought home his dog, Dixie. From that day, there grew a perfect companionship. Dixie was mother, father, sister, and brother to Jeff. They were inseparable. They would go one day on a hike, the next swimming in the lake. He taught her tricks. She was expecially apt at retrieving. She could pick a thrown stick out of a pile, a lake, or a field. Dixie walked to school with Jeff and faithfully waited for him outside the school at exactly three each day. There was no denying that she was a smart dog. Dixie learned to play ball, dive into the lake, and spot birds. Jeff often spoke to Dixie when they were alone.

"You're the greatest in the world," he'd say.

Jeff thought that his aunt and uncle didn't want him to have Dixie. They always were asking him if his school work was done and his chores finished whenever the two went out to play. As if they were looking for an excuse for sending Dixie away, he thought.

Dixie slept at the foot of Jeff's bed. Often at night Jeff would pick her up and hold her. When he stroked her fur she would lick his face with her tongue.

And so passed the summer and fall. Jeff became even more confused over the actions of his aunt and uncle. Often they seemed to really take an interest in him--his uncle and he went fishing together, his aunt baked a special pie. But no, he would not let them fool him. They really didn't care. They were like all people--they were hypocrites. All people are hypocrites. The only one who truly cared for him was Dixie.

Early in May, Jeff noticed a difference in Dixie's behavior. When his uncle looked her over, he told Jeff that she was going to have pups. The next few months Jeff took special care of her.

As the weeks passed, Jeff became more anxious about Dixie. Then, on one of those last warm days of the year, calamity struck. Jeff and Dixie were walking down the road shuffling the leaves when she picked up a stick and looked up eagerly at Jeff. He responded and threw it a short way down the road. As she trotted to retrieve it, a car suddenly appeared and she froze in her tracks, just as the wheels of the car rolled over her soft brown body. She lay there whimpering, motionless, as Jeff ran to her and gently lifted her up.

"Don't die--please don't die. You're all I have--don't leave me alone."

He rocked her back and forth on the dirt road, sobbing. She lifted her numbed head. It had been thrust against a rock and was bleeding. She appealed to him with her eyes for help. He carried her back to the house--a warm, near-lifeless creature.

The vet was called and he stayed with Dixie over an hour. Silently he then emerged from the room where she lay, and told the family that her ribs had been crushed, and there was little hope or time left; worst of all, though, the accident had brought on labor. Jeff rushed in to her, and saw her stroking a small spot of life--a pup--that lay next to her, with her tongue. She looked up as he came near and fell on his knees next to her. His eyes were cloudy as he spoke to her in a soft voice.

"I don't know what I'll do if you die, Dixie. You've given me all the love I ever got. You're part of me." She raised her head and licked his hand, then sighed and closed her eyes for the last time.

Jeff sensed an empty feeling--like a pit. He felt like screaming at the world which allowed such heartbreak. But all he could do was cry. He felt a hand on his shoulder and heard his aunt's voice.

"Jeff, Dixie hasn't left you alone. She's given you a part of her, here beside her. And you have our love, Jeff. We try to do everything possible for you. But our love is useless unless you accept it."

Jeff looked up and put his head into her arms. He cried over twelve years of loneliness. And it was a good feeling.

Just as the twig is bent
the tree's inclined.
--Alexander Pope

SCHOOL

SCHOOL

By Celia Oppenheimer
Hyde Park High School

People, teachers,
Shouting facts in your ears.
Things jumbled together.
Explanations given hastily.
Students chattering
Like the babble of so many brooks.

Today's assignments climbing up on you,
Reaching your neck,
Smothering you.
Work!
Always work!
Laid on thick like rich creamy peanut butter
On a piece of fresh bread.

The clanging of lockers.
The shrill, quavering laughter of nervous students.
The harsh ring of the bell
As it breaks the silence of the halls
And starts the rushing of humanity.
The minutes between classes are an awful nightmare.
Noise!
Always noise!
The heat of the masses enveloping you!
Suffocating you!
Responsibilities!
Oppression!
Frustration!
Endless frustration!
Hysterically tugging at your lock
When you've fumbled the combination
And the bell is ringing
Cutting off the time.

Endless noise, heat, work, despair!
Will it ever end?
No!
Not even in sleep!
Tossing tensely from side to side,
Thinking of things undone,

Of reading not accomplished.
Oh, the agony of it!
Feeling the hot red flush creep slowly up your neck and face,
Feeling the pulse throbbing in your temples.
Feeling your heart pounding wildly against your ribs
When the sin of an unfinished homework assignment is discovered.
Wishing you could sink through the floor,
Or vanish.
Pain, agony, heat, oppression.
On and on.

WITH REFERENCE TO

By Gary Sherman
Lane Technical High School

If you wish a friend,
Who, from beginning to end,
Has helped man down through the Ages
Just take some good looks,
In one of these books,
You'll have knowledge of heroes and sages.

In the dic-tion-ar-y,
From "A" down through "Z"
You'll find words which surely can help you,
It makes much sense,
(Now don't take offense)
To follow this book and you'll get through.

En-cy-clo-ped-i-ae
Will show you the way,
To all the world's knowledge with ease,
F'r instance, in World War II,
This book will show you,
How Poland the Germans did seize.

To call any Tom, Dick, or Harry,
Or Shirley, or Edna, or Sherry,
Just take a quick look,
In the telephone book,
And make R. H. Donnelley merry.

THE DICTIONARY

By Paul Nachman
Lane Technical High

From under the dust that covers me,
Black as the soot from an old coal bin,
The dog-eared pages from "A" to "Z"
Characterize the shape I'm in.

In the fell clutch of human hand
I have not ripped, nor sighed, nor bowed,
I've been through more than I can stand,
I'll have revenge upon that crowd!

Beyond this place where numbskulls lurk
Looms but the pleasure of good use,
But still I shudder when that jerk
Uses _me_, cause his window's loose!

It matters not how late the date
How filled with errors is the scroll,
I am the master of your fate
Words are the captains of your soul.

OPINION

By David Mate
Lane Technical High

I know that I shall never spot,
A good dictionary amongst the lot;
The reason, primarily,
(I find, despairingly),
The book doesn't have any plot.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA

By William Szezepanek
Lane Technical High

The Encyclopedia's a very good book,
It could help you, if you'd just look.
Inside its covers you will find,
Many things to improve your mind.

Words of knowledge come from this book,
On how to build, or even cook.
If you're in a hurry and cannot think,
Just pick up this book and in a wink,
You'll find the answer you're looking for.
The Encyclopedia is an open door,
To knowledge, yes, and even success.
But it's for people who are thinking more,
And also for those who are talking less.

GRAY'S ANATOMY

By Alan Mangurten
Lane Technical High

In medical circles, it is agreed
That every student needs Gray's to read.
If he wants to learn about a muscle
There'll be many a page for him to rustle.
If he cares to make of it an issue,
He can find all he seeks about brain tissue.
If he does not, he may be liable
To miss out on what's in the M.D.'s Bible.

THE ATLAS

By Robert Uchanski
Lane Technical High School

I am an Atlas; I hold the world
Of maps on these pages, seldom unfurled.
They're covered with bindings, the best money can buy,
And I'm not often opened. Please give me a try!

I show the world's shape, and to date it is said,
If it gets any worse, I'll be printed in Red!
You can find any place in the world with great ease
From the heat of the desert
To the place where you freeze.

From Wichita, Kansas, to remote Timbuktoo,
You'll see more variety than you'll find in a zoo.
I'll take you to places you'll marvel to see.
Just give me the chance, and I'm sure you agree.

THE THESAURUS

By William Schmidt
Lane Technical High

There is nothing to rhyme with Thesaurus,
Unless it would be dinosaurus.
But since they're not the same.
(Which I think is a shame)
I think I'll just skip it --
Of courus.

OPERATOR, GET ME....

By Michael Shapiro
Lane Technical High

If you need the plumber's or doctor's care
Or any other who, what, where,
Consult the yellow pages now,
To buy a flute or sell a cow.
Order out a steak from Joe's
Or hire someone to write your prose.
The exterminator is listed also.
Dial the numbers and make your calls; oh
Why do we waste all this time talking?
Let your fingers do the walking.

EPILOGUE

By Robert Uchanski
Lane Technical High

So ends our try at the poetic art,
We anxious young authors think it's a fair start.
Some may continue, while others may say,
We'll just save our skills for some rainy day.
We hope you enjoyed it, be you grownup or tot,
We enjoyed trying, believe it or not.

A BOOKMAN'S DIARY

By Billie Anne Spencer
Carver High School

Have you ever had your crisp, shiny, and newly creased coverings relentlessly soiled by unconcerned, smudgy hands? You have if you're a book. Have you ever cringed in the dark of a lonely, oaken chest while Miss Lose-and Misplace-Everything Brown frantically searches for you? You have if you're a book. To say that the life of a book is rugged is putting it mildly.

First, there is your birth. The clawing machine fingers are oblivious to the pain they inflict as you are put together. Then you suffer the girdle grip of the cardboard box and the undignified jostling of that rolling tin can as it carts you to your destination.

After practically choking to death in the cardboard jail, you finally arrive at your new destination. After being rudely shuffled from one place to another, you finally end up in a room of strange sounds and scenes. Chuckling Sammy, talkative, brown-eyed Mary, and brainy, spectacled Charlie are engaged in classroom buzz. The chalk is nervously making a point to the calm, collected blackboard.

But, alas, you don't have time to view it all before the captain of the class, in this case, a pot-bellied, rosy-cheeked gentleman, unceremoniously assigns you a number and distributes you to eager and dear students.

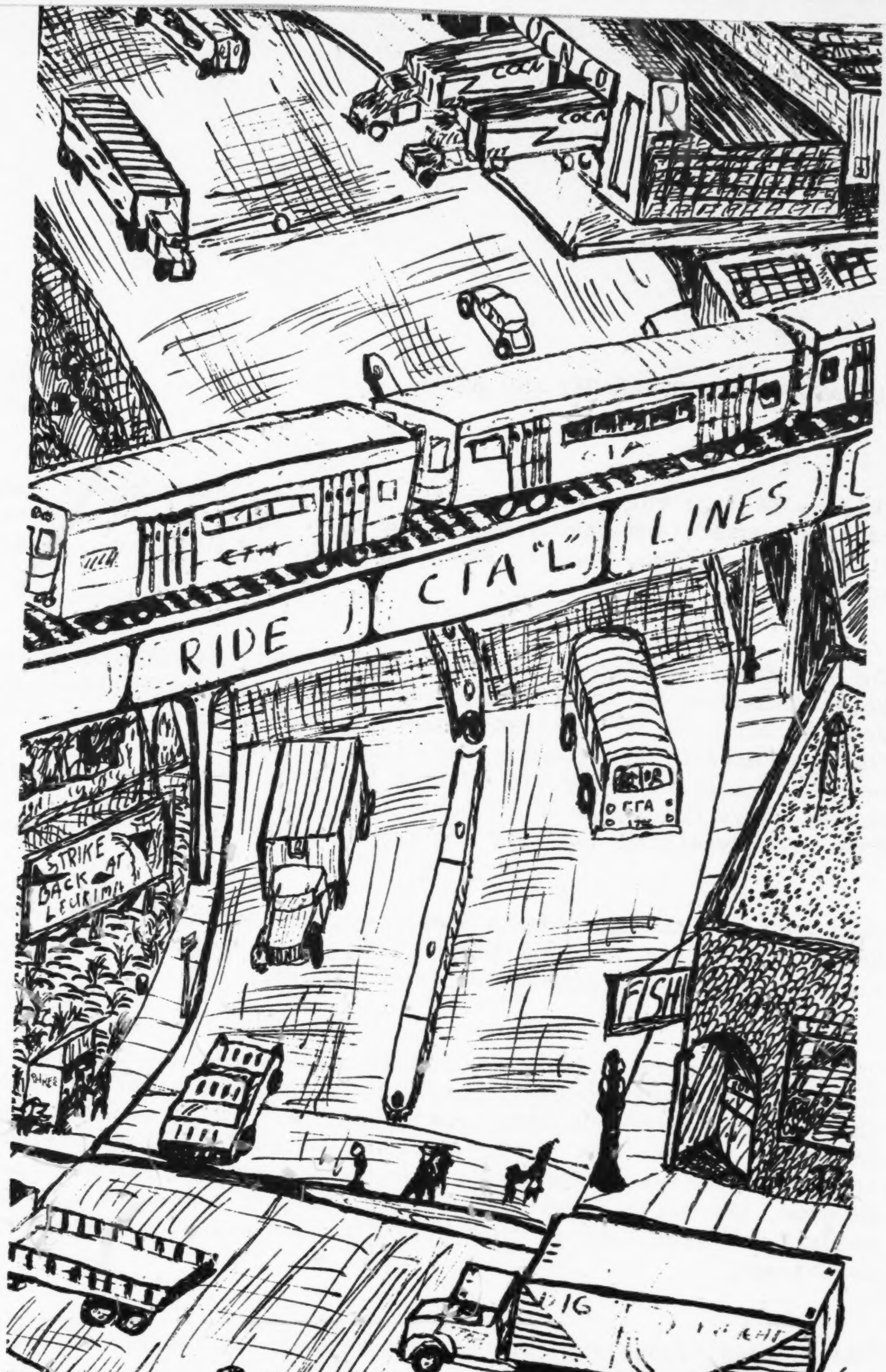
Unfortunately, the woe is deepened when you become the sole property of Miss Mary Brown. She lackadaisically picks you up, ruffles your pages, and declares you to be a bore! You're feverishly looked for five minutes before class and boorishly rejected five minutes after class is over among gym suits, sneakers and an assortment of paraphernalia. A life of a book is really a dog's except a dog can bark and snap at maltreatment while a poor book can only get even with a quizzical sentence or two.

OUR GRIDIRON KNIGHTS

By Norman Abazoris
Morgan Park High

Assembled for this all important match were
   The king, the lords, the peasants and the merchants.
The gallant knights now entered the field
   Amidst their banners, while the crowds cheered loudly.
Each knight, however, had other things on his mind--
   Armor, strategy, and alas, his maiden.

Finally, the initial clash came!
   Excitement increased as the skirmish progressed.
The battle seemed even; our soldiers fought on.
   Suddenly the enemy's resistance collapsed.
The enemy was crushed as our men advanced.
   The fateful tournament had ended at last;
Our Gridiron Knights had won again!


COCA
R
CTA
RIDE
CTA "L"
LINES
STRIKE BACK AT LEURIMA
CTA
FISH
BIG
T.S.'69

City of the Big Shoulders....
--Carl Sandburg

CHICAGO

CHICAGO - CITY OF BEAUTY AND BUSTLE

By Jane Algmin
South Shore High

Chicago is like the lions in front of the Art Institute--it embodies majesty, power, and beauty on one hand and snarling violence on the other. The old and the new stand side by side in an ever-changing scene.

The old familiar architecture of Soldier Field and the Civic Opera is being joined by marks of a new generation. McCormick Place, the Prudential Building, the not-yet-completed Marina Towers, are symbols of the new Chicago, the growing and rising Chicago. The Chicago that has been unnoticed by the world is fast becoming important. The St. Lawrence Seaway makes Chicago a world port; trade is becoming an important factor. Foreigners visiting our city are impressed by the rapid expansion going on.

Some parts of Chicago remain untouched, but not disregarded--the slums are being removed and in their places new, grand apartment buildings are rising, far removed from their predecessors.

Chicago is a city of beauty, displaying it both in bustle and in tranquility. The Loop during the rush hour may seem a far cry from the ever-changing beauty of the lake front, but the careful observer can detect the charm of even the rushing crowds. Of course, there are other, more accepted examples of Chicago's grace and charm; Buckingham Fountain, the museums, the Water Tower among them; and most famous of all, the wonderful "Outer Drive," that bright ribbon wrapping the package that is Chicago.

"Bareheaded, shoveling, wrecking, planning, building, re-building. "--Carl Sandburg.

Yes, this is Chicago, truly a Wonderful Town.

MY HOME

By Marijean Lintz
Bogan High School

Chicago--the Windy City, the city of rain, snow, sleet, sunshine, and flowers. Yes, that is my city. In one section modern, gigantic skyscrapers thrust their arms toward the heavens; and in another, the sprawling slums creep along the streets.

Yes, Chicago is a cross section of America, a hub cap in a rolling wheel, a stepping stone across the continent, a metropolis dealing in banking, farming, industry, clothing, a versatile town, a dramatic town.

Downtown at night looks like a fantasyland with Buckingham Fountain gracefully spraying her water under colored lights, the Tribune Tower glowing, the Prudential Building silently watching Michigan Avenue, and the bold lions at the entrance of the Art Institute guarding the treasures within.

All this is the story of my city. As every city, she has her grand, exciting side, her business side, her humble side. Yet, she is a city to be proud of, a city to love, a city where freedom's bell rings, a city where liberty blooms, a city to call My Home!

CHICAGO, A TODDLING TOWN

By Jim Fizdale
Lake View High

The Holsum bakers have been baking bread for two hours and twenty-three minutes. The sun creeps out of Lake Michigan. A drunk brushes a fly off his nose and rolls over, pulling the Tribune across his shoulders. It is chilly in a West Madison Street doorway.

The night watchman at Bell & Howell glances at the wall clock. Another two hours and he can go home. Chuck Bill arrives at WLS to deliver the Farm Special.

Within the next sixty minutes three million people will awaken. Joe Tsavcovic flings his last newspaper on to the last porch and steers his bicycle towards home, where his mother is frying eggs. Three million breakfasts have been hastily swallowed. Then wheels -- Buick wheels, Ford wheels, bus wheels, elevated wheels, Checker Cab wheels, Cadillac wheels, bicycle wheels, scooter wheels, train wheels -- wheels move into action. Without smoke and humming, uncountable tons of rubber burn on the maze of Chicago's streets. Out of driveways, carports, garages, and parking lots they pour. One million are headed for downtown. Viewed from above the city, it must resemble a swarming anthill.

A construction worker received a traffic ticket for an illegal right turn at Lawrence and Western. By nine o'clock nearly everyone has settled down to spend a day watching the clock tick. Tick-tock. Tick.

Coffee break in the Prudential Plaza, and a secretary from an ad agency meets the receptionist from a lawyer's office in Stouffer's. They violate their diets by sharing a doughnut. A worker for the Park District jabs his prong into a ten dollar bill. Mayor Daley welcomes two of New Orleans' Negroes into our fair city. An 8-5 choice in the fourth race at Sportsman's Park breaks his leg in a morning workout.

At noon, there's an eruption of people. School children race home. A teacher looks at a calendar. "Only a month to go and I can escape." The white collar workers attack restaurants in groups of two's and three's. How many hamburgers a day? A cow in the stockyards moos and is slaughtered. How many hamburgers a cow?

Back to work. Back to school. But from now on it's all down hill. Joey Glimco calls his bookie. The Cubs take the field. The Dodgers score five runs in the first half of the first inning. A jet leaves O'Hare for New York, on time, with two passengers still in their taxicabs. George S. May buys a white shirt and shocks his haberdasher. Another coffee break.

School's out. A bike, a baseball bat, and a black eye. The bars along Rush Street open to the usual cast. A naked man is reported on a watertower in South Chicago. A bank clerk at the First National juggles his books and pockets five thousand dollars. But doesn't everybody?

The State's Attorney's private army raids a gambling den and discovers an old Negro pushing a broom. Tick-tock. Tick.

Five o'clock. The ants creep backward. Four hundred husbands fight the rush to arrive home just in time to kiss Mabel, or Marjorie, good-bye as she heads for the bowling alley. He settles down to a night of TV dinners, Bobby's sore tooth and the idiot box.

Friday night is date night for the city's teen-agers. A drive-in movie, pizza, and, of course, Dick Biondi. Four persons die in a collision at Fifteenth and Paulina. A man falls to his death from the second floor of a building. A baby is born. A fanatic White Sox fan tunes in Bob Elson and hears the Yankees hit three homers in the first three innings. A justice of the peace is hauled out of bed and there is a hasty marriage. Two people fall in love at Mr. Kelly's.

Midnight! The last edition of the Sun-Times is on the street. An unidentified man runs down the middle of Roosevelt Road. A bum on West Madison buys a pint and searches for a comfortable doorway. Two war buddies, one from Detroit and the other from San Diego, meet outside the London House. They are attending the same convention, or at least are supposed to. A fuse blows out in a house on Astor Street, but everyone is asleep. A policeman stops a speeding DeSoto. The driver rolls down the window, looks the officer squarely in the eye and says, "There's a fungus among us."

The Holsum bakers start baking bread...This is the life of Chicago.

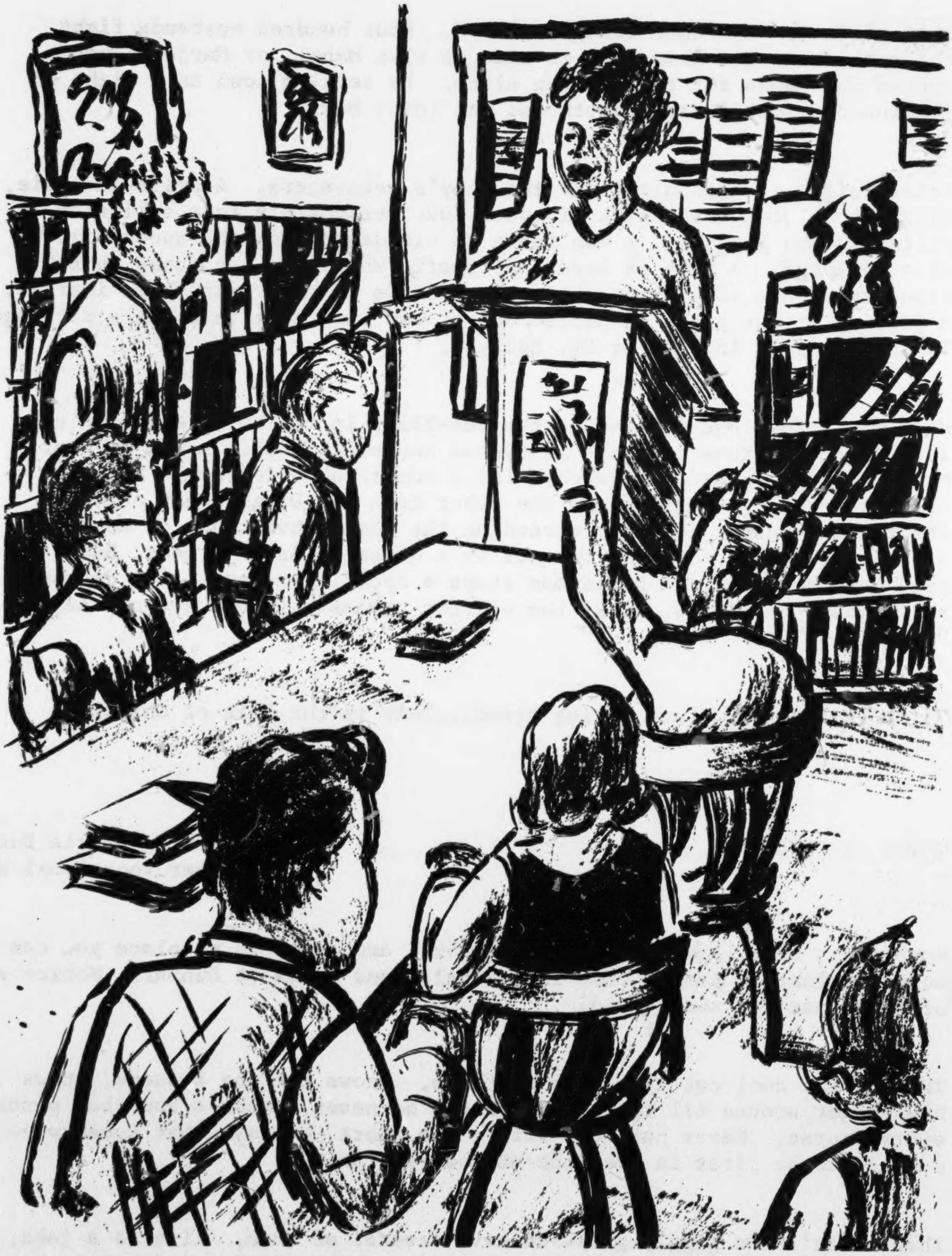
TYPES AT DUNBAR

By Oteria Butler
Dunbar Vocational High

Nothing is more fascinating than people. And there is no place you can see more fascinating people than in the halls and rooms of Dunbar. Notice some of the types you see around?

There's the cool cat type, for instance. Knows all the answers, knows how to get around all the rules, boasts he never cracks a book but passes every course. Never hurries--life's too short, he says--but somehow he manages to be first in the line at the cafeteria.

Then there's the giggly girl--we have several of them. Life is a joke, everything's hilarious. Ask her a question, she giggles. Speak to her



gently, she giggles. Speak to her roughly, she giggles. Ask her the time of day, she giggles. Stick her with a pin--of course, she can't do anything else.

And we have the phoney students, the self-proclaimed brains. Always carry loads of books. They scribble feverishly, invariably take half the class time asking meaningless questions. They want the teacher to know they're on the ball. Of course, they never read a book or hand in an assignment, but they're great brains.

Oh, well, it takes all types to make the happy Dunbar family, and we've got 'em all.

THE UNHAPPY EXILE

By Nancy Weytkow
Bogan High School

None of the reticent East for me. I'll take the gregarious Midwest!

What do I want with stuffy people who only speak or smile after I have known them for years? I'll take opulent greetings and faces, which easily offer those amenities which can refurbish the gloomiest of days.

Maybe it would be nice to have a taciturn friend, but how would we communicate--with smoke signals? It also might be nice to have tycoons for neighbors, but money doesn't create good friends.

So what if the East has a beautiful montage; nothing could compare with the streamlined grace of McCormick Place.

The East is moderate. That's nice--in some things, but I sure wouldn't want a moderate amount of love! I'll take all I can get of that item.

I enjoy privacy, too; though I wouldn't think my neighbors were wonderful if I was forced to raise a ten-foot fence to keep out peering eyes; but that may be the way of Easterners.

Midwesterners are not angels, but they are open, friendly, helpful, and generous. The Midwest is not perfect, either; but it's a nice place to visit, and, as a home it's just GREAT!

THE BRIDGE

By Steven Andes
South Shore High

The old green wooden foot-bridge over the Jackson Park lagoon at Marquette Road and the Outer Drive was built in the early thirties as a WPA project, and the last thirty years had undoubtedly weakened the slipshod structure. Even golfers burdened with their paraphernalia avoided the bridge and took the long way around, because the four-inch separation between the foot-plank caught and bent the wheels of the carts. Occasionally, a person would be knocked off balance and injured by the sudden immobilization of his cart.

On Independence Day, 1957, I was presented with a brand new 26-inch bicycle, in recognition of the fact that I had outgrown the junior size bicycle inherited from my sister Martha, (now a sophisticated sophomore at Barnard College). Heading immediately for Jackson Park, I rolled along the footpaths as fast as I could pump my legs, fancying myself a gallant knight mounted on a spirited charger.

I was shaken from my daydreaming by an eerie feeling that all was not well. Once more living in the present era, I realized that the sky had become overcast, and the increasing darkness suggested that I take the shortest route home. I raced south, expecting any minute to feel the downpour on my back. I approached the green bridge at top speed, head and shoulders bent over the handle-bars, and charged it like Don Quixote engaging the windmills. Alas, the result was the same. The gallant knight was hurled from his mount, flying head over heels to land in a lifeless heap half-way over the bridge. In my flight I caught a sidewise glimpse of the new bicycle crashing through the guardrail and becoming wedged in the wreckage, while the rain fell into the lagoon below.

I came to life a few minutes later in the midst of a cold rain, which developed into a typical summer thunderstorm. Too weak to get up and seek shelter, and too miserable over the wreck of my new shiny bicycle, I lay there in the rain and mourned my loss.

Suddenly, I heard a man's voice exclaim, "Here he is!" and soon I was being gathered up by two policemen, whom my mother's wails had sent on a search for an eight-year-old boy ten minutes overdue. I was helped into the squad car, together with what was left of my "spirited charger" and sat with the policemen while they radioed in their report. As we drove off we heard a creaking and groaning coming from the bridge, gradually increasing in intensity, until suddenly the bridge girders buckled, and with a loud crash, the whole structure tumbled into the lagoon.

The official story is that the wooden structural members of the bridge had been weakened by the elements and insects, and that the collapse was a natural consequence of this decay, accelerated by the heavy storm, but sometimes I wonder if my new red bicycle hadn't actually conquered one of old Don Quixote's "windmills."

WHAT INDUSTRY MEANS TO MY COMMUNITY

By Sandra Hallgren
Washington High

To my community, Southeast Chicago, industry means life. It is the very foundation of its existence; it is the vital organ, the heart of the area. It is, in fact, the area itself. For those who might doubt this, one has only to imagine Southeast Chicago without industry. Take away, for example, the steel mills, the most obvious and most important of our industrial heart throb and it is most probable that Southeast Chicago would not exist at all, for it is this type of industry which brought people here to settle, and it is this type of industry which holds them here.

Initially a community of laborers, Southeast Chicago has grown into distinct, thriving areas: the East Side, Hegewisch, South Chicago, and South Shore, in which men of all trades have come to serve the needs of these laborers. The importance of industry, of course, varies as it is seen through different eyes, but directly or indirectly all citizens in my community are in some way economically dependent upon local industry for their livelihood. Ask people what industry means to them. From a merchant, "It means people to buy in my shop"; from a sailor, "It means my ship has cargo to transport"; from a clergyman, "It means flocks for me to lead"; and from a laborer himself, "It means food, shelter, and security for my family."

Such is the story of industry in my community. Everyday the sun sets behind the silhouettes of huge, looming smokestacks. The sounds of children playing, housewives talking, and traffic moving are heard over the low whir of machinery in a nearby mill. Industry is constantly with us; its growth and development, its ups and downs affect our prosperity and good times. Of what importance is industry to my community? Industry is my community.

SIDEWALKS

By Sharon Ramirez
Crane High School

What is a sidewalk? Don't tell me it's cement, friend; I know better.

A sidewalk can stretch as far as the eye wants to imagine. So what do you say? That's nice, huh? No, you don't say that's nice; you don't say anything. I mean, what can you say? Who cares about a sidewalk, anyway. A sidewalk's a sidewalk, end of sentence. A sidewalk's a nothing.

You walk on it every day, you look at it all the time. And you always see the same ugly, grey color. So you think, (if you have nothing else to think about) "Sidewalks are pretty ugly." Some places it's bare (a rare occurrence), and in some places the litter and rubbish make it seem as though a carnival had just pulled out. It all depends on how you look at it.

Kids run up and down and all around. They grow up on the sidewalk. They fall on it, they curse it, they occasionally cry on it. And so they grow up. Sometimes they come back, sometimes they don't. But the sidewalk never changes. A few more cracks, maybe; a little greyer, perhaps. But still the same ol' sidewalk they played on. Buildings have tumbled down about it, and the neighborhood has changed. But the sidewalk remains. No matter what changes have taken place, they seem to have forgotten the sidewalk. It will keep going on as far as the eye can imagine, and it will support the next few generations of new bikes, new shoes, and new roller-skates.

Poor sidewalk. I'll remember you. Perhaps not with a tear in my eye, but remembrance just the same. Stay where you are, sidewalk; you're the only stable thing in the world.

"STANDING ON THE CORNER" WATCHING THE WORLD GO BY

By Shirley Murray
Marshall High School

He stands solemnly on the busy corner garbed in a suit of red, adorned with soft white fur. His stocking cap with its furry ball, rakishly perched upon his head, all but offsets the beard of matted cotton. With feet covered with shiny black hightop boots, he views the people as they hurry by.

Bowed packages, long packages, square packages...all carried by tired arms...whizz past him. The tinkle of his bell beckons to the busy shoppers to share their holiday spirit with the poor, hungry, weary, and homeless.

Year after year his bell crystallizes the thoughts of man's humanity to man...man's caring for another...man's belief in the power of love.

He thinks of the little boy so hopeful of a new sled. He thinks of the little girl so hopeful of a new doll. He thinks of the old man so worn, the old woman so bent. He thinks of his chimney that can bring laughter to a child, peace to an old man, warmth to an old woman...that can bring joy to those who have never known the sweetness and the light.

But not everyone reaches into his pocket, not everyone stops. Some forget, far too many, he thinks, when remembering the contents of his chimney after hours of ringing.

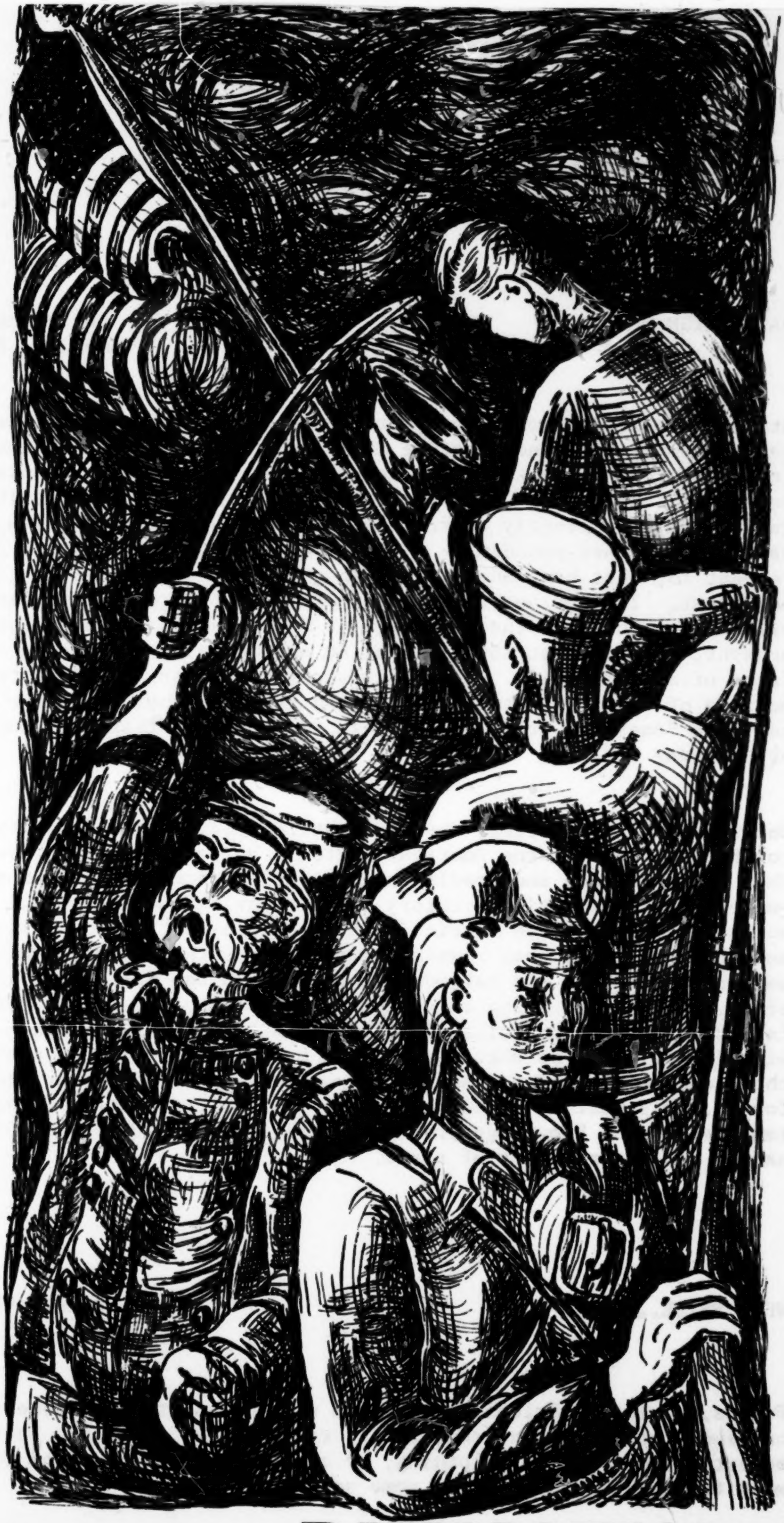
The soles of his feet burn; his legs ache; his body shivers. He rings for a dime, a dollar, to bring laughter to a child...to bring plenty to a barren table.

In his suit of red...with his matted cotton beard growing limp, he stands and waits and rings!

YOUTH IN THE CITY

By Diana Peckler
Amundsen High School

Youth in the city--
It has a million faces,
But urban steel and stone have neither pity
For its pathos nor an eye for its graces,
High-pitched laughter round a school door,
A knife flashing white in an alley nearby;
Two hands clasped together 'neath stars o'er the shore,
A drug-sotted boy sick to die;
A library filled with the sweat of mind's toil,
A classroom with two who steal thoughts;
Sparkling days filled with pleasure's turmoil
And grim nights of that which is naught:
These are the things of a vast private world,
Things that are ugly and things that are pretty;
They cry "Look!" to cold brick on a banner unfurled,
The manifold faces of youth in the city.



This is my own,
my native land!
--Sir Walter Scott

PATRIOTISM

PATRIOTISM

By Bernard Grofman
Amundsen High School

At periodic intervals there are those in this country who claim that patriotism is outmoded, that we must renounce petty nationalist learnings in favor of a new internationalism designed to lead to a utopian world community. Patriotism, true patriotism, can never go out of style. Patriotism as correctly defined is more than blind nationalism, flag-waving, or breast-pounding. It involves a knowledge of and a deep respect for what has made our nation great and a keen desire to keep her great. It involves a knowledge of the heritage of the past and a willingness to adapt that heritage to meet a new and ever-changing present. It does not involve a blind and dogmatic acceptance of all facts of American life. Rather it seeks to compare the imperfect America of today with that never to be realized goal we have come to call the "American dream." It seeks to implement that goal into present-day reality.

Unlike the super-patriot, the true patriot claims infallibility neither for himself nor for the American system. He is convinced, however, that the practices and traditions of American democracy offer meaningful guidelines for twentieth-century revolutions the world-round. He does not seek to impose the American system "whole-hog" upon unwilling Asians and Africans. His goal remains always the furthering of democratic aims and practices; but his methods are adapted to the particular time and place, rather than being based upon any preconceived master plan. He is guided by the realities of the world situation, rather than by any wish-fantasies as to what the world should be. His is the realization that good comes not of itself, but only when good men fight and die for it. His must be an unshakeable belief in the justice of his cause, tempered by the knowledge of his own fallibility. Patriotism of this nature can never go out of style.

WHAT PRICE...FREEDOM?

By Frances Vander Myde
Harlan High School

Prices. Prices. Prices. Today, in the United States, there is a price on almost everything we see, smell, taste, hear, or feel. Whether it be entertainment, eating, clothing, or almost anything, we find that for most things in life there is some sort of a price.

Very often in life the things that count and mean the most do not have any monetary price put upon them. To receive high grades in school we must study for them; to win the companionship and friendship of individuals, we must be a friend to them; to be a football, basketball, or track star, one must be willing to pay the price. Thus, to master or even to start in anything worthwhile, one must be willing to pay the price. But there is something besides these material possessions that we as teenagers must cherish and uphold--the price of freedom!

What price must we pay for freedom? All the way back to the Revolutionary War up through the twentieth century, men have paid the price to keep America the "land of the free and the home of the brave," and we must too!

Freedom was something new and wonderful to our forefathers and we must acknowledge it as something God-given and wonderful today, also. In this day when nation after nation is being tossed up for grabs, let us be thankful and willing to fight if we have to in order to protect our rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Communism is nothing more than a false ideological theory. But this theory is a menace to every individual in society. Yes, Communism is something to be afraid of, but so is the existing state of complacency among some Americans.

We, who will soon be leaders, teachers, doctors, lawyers, politicians, and voters, must continue to pay the price for our freedom. The price of freedom cannot be paid with money but with our lives--clean, moral, and dedicated to the cause of preserving the best land in the world--America.

GIANT ON THE EARTH

By Fifi Kaufmann
South Shore High

Think back, Mr. Lincoln,
Upon your life;
Remember. . . . .
A log cabin--buried in the wilderness;
A one-room school;
A precious book;

A Holy Bible;
How you strived for an education!

A nickname--"Honest Abe";
A slave market;
An image of a tall man in a high hat;
A poster--"Lincoln versus Douglas";
A debate;
A nomination and an election;
It was a long, hard climb
And you reached the top.

A bitter war;
And a shattered country;
"A house divided against itself";
A proclamation of freedom;
A famous speech;
"Four score and seven years ago";
With half your country turned against you,
You were a man of strength and purpose.
A theater;
And a man named John Wilkes Booth;
"Now he belongs to the ages"--
And the American people wept as never before;
"Father Abraham was gone";
They grieved as for a parent.
I admire and respect you, Mr. Lincoln,
For you were a giant on the earth.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS
as related by William Shakespeare

By Lois Wolf & Steven Zarit
Bowen High School

Scene. A podium with groundlings milling about.
Enter Edward Everett, President Lincoln, and a rabble of citizens.
First Citizen. Peace ho, Lincoln doth speak.
Lincoln. Fourscore and seven years have run their course
Yon forefathers did'st strew upon this land
In gen'ral honest thought and good to all,
Conceived in liberty, a nation new,
What spake that knaves and kings shall be as one.
By process of the stars we are encompassed
In civil battle that doth test this land,

Or any other nation 'like conceived,
To see if it can help but doom itself.
We come to quarter in yon field of fight
As place for those whose lives are run their course
In battle one year past, to stay their bones,
That this great land might see the day anew.
But, to my thinking, this we cannot do:
We cannot dedicate, nor consecrate,
We cannot hallow this ennobled plain...,
These gladiators brave, blessed by the gods;
They that are gone and they that breathe on yet,
Who here put forth the fight that prick'd them down
Have done it salutation far above
Our poor essays to augment or detract.
The world doth bear too great a mind to note
The things that we have cross'd in conf'rence here,
But its remamb'ring will ne'er be turned 'way
From that great feat they here brought forth, so brave.
It be the order of the course for us
To be so dedicated of our selves
To that great task which they have here commenced,
And greatly forward have they carried it.
It rather comes apace of us that live
That we be not affrighted of the task,
That we must straight within our minds and souls--
Devotion! Manifest thyself anew--
O mark that we here highly do resolve
To put upon the brows of them that died
The wreaths of victory, for they shall not
Have died in vain. I do beseech thee!
This land, it shall stand free, upon the gods!
And the ruling of, and by, and for
The people shall not perish from the earth.

"THE NOBLEST LADY OF THEM ALL"

By Richard Aron
Bowen High School

There are many who maintain that fate controls the destinies of men with oddities understood by Divine Providence alone. Perhaps there is truth in this concept. Exactly twenty-one years ago, Pearl Harbor was bombed, and the President of the United States asked Congress to declare war against the Axis Powers. That President was Franklin D. Roosevelt. One month ago today, his wife, Eleanor died.

With the passing of Mrs. Roosevelt, the entire world was plunged into mourning for a noble individual, a great lady, a wonderful human being whose life exemplified the highest ideals of Americanism. If truth and honesty are standards for a lifetime, if service to mankind necessitates a worthwhile existence, and if sincerity is a measure of character, then Mrs. Roosevelt's image should always be before us. Let's pause just a moment and reflect a bit on the life of this extraordinary woman. There is much to be learned.

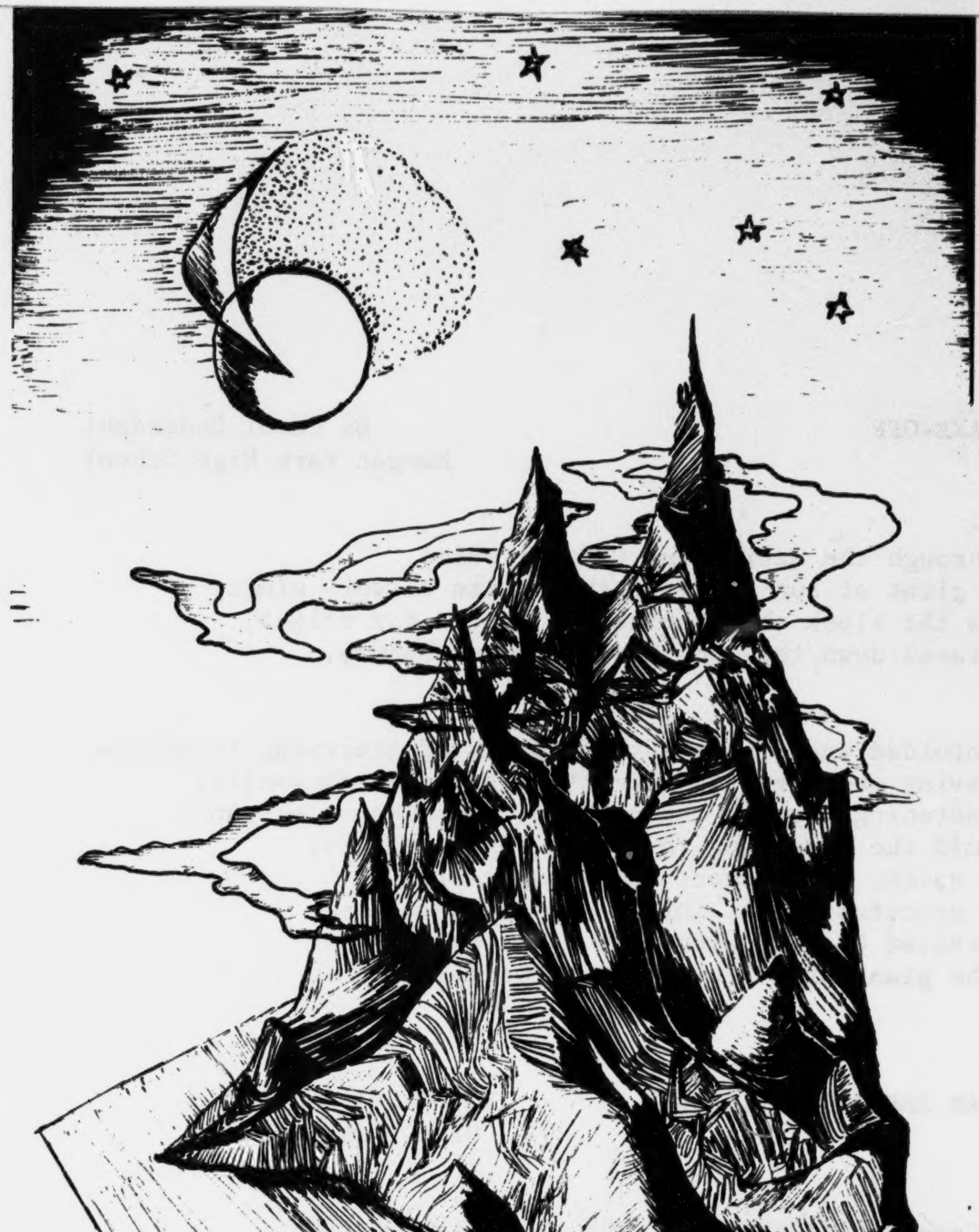
From her earliest years Mrs. Roosevelt was careful about her action and speech. As a child she was taught self-discipline. This training was evident later in life when she held many positions demanding much self-restraint. Scrupulous in her speech, Mrs. Roosevelt was able to stand before the United Nations and represent the United States with clarity of purpose and meaning.

Mrs. Roosevelt was a picture of amiability. She could joke with kings and discuss problems with laborers. "After all," she said, "we're all children of God." With this idea she constantly fought racial prejudice, always guarding our "inalienable rights."

Albert Einstein once commented, "Only a life lived for others is a life worthwhile." If such be the case, Mrs. Roosevelt's energies were indeed well spent. She supported numerous charities, forever combatting disease, hunger, poverty, and oppression.

Mrs. Roosevelt's life could not have been what it was without her extensive education. Because of it, she could write books in perfect English and then travel to France to discuss world problems with President DeGaulle in his native tongue. Her wisdom far outdistanced knowledge contained in books. Mrs. Roosevelt was a great student of human nature. She understood with compassion the problems of her fellow man. Few are gifted with such extraordinary insight.

Mrs. Roosevelt's life was a full one, enriched by extensive travel, literary achievements, service to her country and humanity, the support of charities, and a graciousness and generosity all her own. She continues to live in the hearts of all Americans. I was never privileged to have met Mrs. Roosevelt, yet with her death I lost a friend; all of us lost a friend. Every time she represented her country, she represented you and me. Every time she wrote, she benefited all who cared to read. With slight alteration we might well apply the words of William Shakespeare to Mrs. Roosevelt: "This was the noblest lady of them all. Her life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in her that Nature might stand up and say to all the world: This was a woman!"



Roll on, thóu ball, roll on through
pathless realms of Space, Roll on!
--William S. Gilbert

SPACE

TAKE-OFF

By Carol Soderdahl
Morgan Park High School

Through the azure blue October skies,
A glint of sun shone bright on its silvery wings,
As the sleek ship, poised as a bird for flight,
Stared down the long, well-defined runway.

Unfolded was a constant pageantry of scurrying travelers,
Waving exuberant and sometimes saddened farewells,
Hastening through the colorful canopies of entrance
Amid the throbbing rhythm of engine motors.
A quick, eager short run to take-off,
A graceful ascent into the blue yonder,
Trailed by billowing jets of steam,
The giant bird flew into the horizon.

MAN AND THE CHALLENGE

By Sheryl Smith
Gage Park High

"Come," said the sky; "Man, leave your soil;
'Tis good for naught but sweat and toil;
You can do it! Come, leave your Earth behind,
Creation's secrets in me you'll find."

In his heart Man heard this starry call;
Though the heavens were vast and he was small,
He made a vow within his soul
To make those taunting skies his goal!

Whate'er was there he had to see
For such was his curiosity;
Willing was he to labor long;
His mind was keen; his body, strong.

He toiled hard for many years
Through failure, triumph, joy and tears;
And always from the waiting sky
Would come the challenge, ringing nigh.

"Where are you, Man?" it always said.
"My endless paths are yours to tread;
You'll learn the ways of stars and moon."
Man said, "Not yet--but someday soon."

And finally New Tomorrow's sun
Shone down on Mankind's work well done;
The silver tower in the new dawn's gleam
Showed the unfolding of a dream.

Now Man looks up into the blue
And thinks of wonders strange and new;
"I'm coming, Sky! The countdown's passed."
The Sky just smiles and says, "At last!"

SPACE TRAVEL AND GOD

By Roxanne Thomas
Kelvyn Park High

The world today is filled with people whose lives are very often troubled, anxious, and complex. This has been brought on partly because of the unbelievable progress science has made in the last few decades.

Much of this progress has been in the direction of space travel. Space travel is no longer just a fantastic dream of the future; it is a reality. But with the challenge to conquer space have come many unanswered questions that were not even thought of just a few years ago. These are questions that no amount of scientific genius can answer satisfactorily.

When the American astronaut enters the space capsule and the countdown begins, there are millions of people waiting to see or hear what is going to happen. This is only one aspect of space travel, but one of the most important ones and one of the most dangerous. Where does the astronaut get his courage for this tremendous undertaking into the unknown? And what gives his family and fellow Americans the courage to stand by his experiment into space?

The answer is faith in God.

After John Glenn had gone around the world in a space capsule, he appeared before the public and made a statement that was well-taken and shared by most of the American public. This most important and impressive statement was his declaration of an undying faith in God. He said religion was a great part of his life, and he would always look to God for help and always thank Him for the courage He gave him when he needed it most.

On the opposite side, the Communist space-traveler, Titov arrogantly told Americans on a recent visit here that he needed no God. He received much ridicule and left many bad feelings in the U. S. because of his staunch disbelief in God. But in my opinion, he is to be pitied. It is difficult for me to believe that he does not experience much confusion and fear and needs some supernatural force to believe in. Most of us know there must be someone up there who created us and guides our ways. In this new and sometimes frightening Space Age we need this belief even more than in the past. And in America we have the freedom to practice this belief.

We have prospered greatly through our belief in God, and we must continue to believe not just for help in conquering the unknown but in order to understand this newly-gained knowledge.

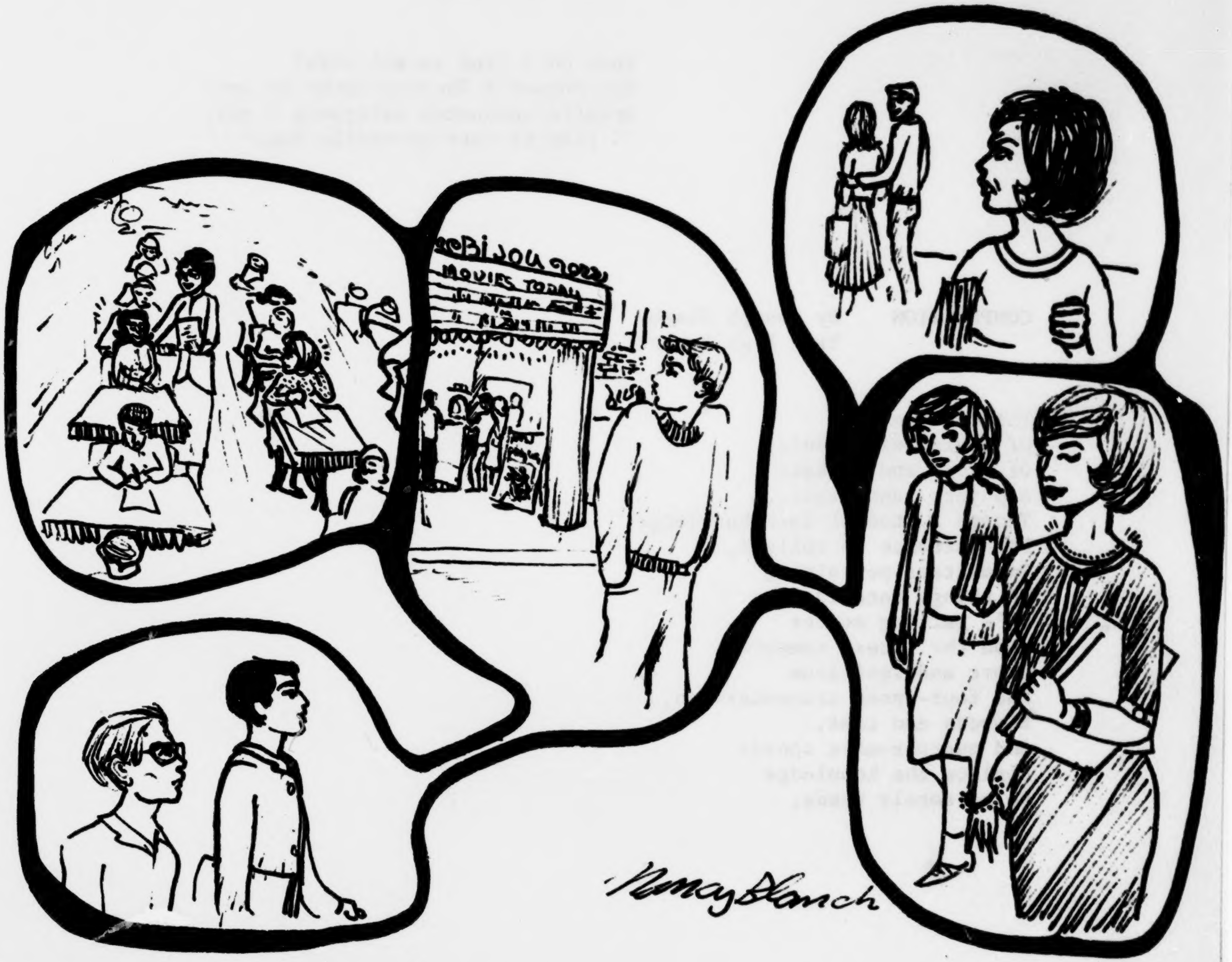
ODE TO THE THEORY OF NUMBERS

By David Smith
Steinmetz High

The arithmetician continues
Unmindful of critics
To verify truths
With abstract analytics.

The engineer scoffs;
"What's its use?" asks he.
"Can it help build a bridge
Or to fell a tree?"

Pascal said, "It's the highest form
Of mental exercise."
He spoke an apparent, obvious truth
One can readily surmise.


Bijou
MOVIES TODAY

Nancy Blanch

Russell exclaimed, "It has the cold
Beauty of finished sculpture!"
"Indeed," I agree: I survey this Science
With awe, approval, and rapture.

Remarked Einstein, "It made me realize
That by thought alone ...
The mind can gain
Order and Purity."

What do I find in all this?
Can Fermat's Theorem never be won?
Despite uncounted maligners I say,
"I find it intellectually fun."

COMPETITION

By Joseph Glasby
Taft High School

This is the age
Of brains electronic,
Of atoms and rockets
And jets supersonic...
Though a student lack knowledge
For entrance to college,
On matters pertaining
To things entertaining
He's getting acuter
Than the latest computer.
Gears and ignitions
And four-speed transmissions,
Blowers and cams,
And quarter-mile speeds
Replace the knowledge
He so sorely needs.

8
11.
Emery Jones

Sport, that wrinkled Care
derides,
And Laughter, holding both his
sides...
--John Milton

HUMOR

AMERICANA

By Mark Levy
Von Steuben High

In this paper I shall make public a number of new discoveries pertaining to the ancient American civilization as it existed in the twentieth century, A. D. The recent findings are based on the discovery of "magazines" by the Archaeological and Research Foundation (ARF). These relics were obtained under a thin layer of sandstone and clay near the Southwestern shore of a small lake in North America. I extracted all of the following information from the various advertisements in these magazines. My description of this ancient civilization shall begin with its food.

Diet. The younger inhabitants of America existed solely on a dark bubbling beverage named the "pepsicola." It appeared suitable only for individuals possessing youthful minds. These young Americans were often pictured consuming the pepsicola beverage while engaging in peculiar antics and rather wild activities. Perhaps these strange actions had a religious significance.

The food of the adults differed a great deal from that of the youths. The adults gorged themselves with small longitudinal cylinders or "cigarettes." These cylinders emitted greyish vapors while being consumed. The cigarettes were always devoured at beaches or about small pools or streams. When they were not busy eating their cigarettes, the adults spent much time travelling about the country.

Transportation. During the twentieth century, the Americans had developed a four-wheeled vehicle called the "automobile." It was used for travelling on land. The automobile was crudely propelled by gasoline and travelled slowly. However, these disadvantages were relatively unimportant, for automobiles were mainly status symbols. An American without an automobile was not considered a proper member of society and was frequently ostracized. Those owning more than one automobile were regarded with respect and were greatly envied.

Downfall. During the latter half of the twentieth century, the American civilization mysteriously disappeared. A variety of hypotheses have been suggested. My associate, Dr. Syzygy Drweigow, having examined a number of advertisements, developed an hypothesis of his own. He suggested that a shortage of a peculiar substance which was known as the "deodorant" may have caused the downfall of the American civilization. In Drweigow's opinion, this material was a necessity, and without it, no human being could have survived long. Recent discoveries cause me to agree with Drweigow. However, I have done some research in the diseases which prevailed during the twentieth century in America, and I believe that any one of these, or all of them, could have destroyed the ancient race.

One such disease, known as the "headache," was extremely severe and produced great discomfort. The intense pain resulted from the action of minute hammer-like objects located in the brain. Small pills were often consumed to reduce this pain. These pills entered the mouth, travelled down the esophagus, and entered a mechanized stomach, which was operated by valves, gears, and wheels. In fact, the entire anatomy of a twentieth century American appeared to be highly mechanical in nature. The headache, however, was not the only disease of that time.

Another ailment, termed the "cold," was even more severe and also was relieved by pills. This disease affected the eyes and nasal region and produced a rather comical appearance in the unfortunate sufferer. The name of this disease is somewhat misleading, for the malady caused a rising in temperature, rather than a sensation of coldness.

Still another disease plagued the Americans, particularly young Americans, and was named the "pimples." This ailment appeared as reddish growths on the skin. The pimples also produced psychological effects on the diseased persons, causing them to feel unwanted or inferior. Peculiar medicinal products were applied to the growths in order to erase them and to allow the unfortunate person to attend social events.

Any one of these ailments may have led to the final downfall of the American civilization. These hypotheses will be more thoroughly discussed in my next report.

SHATTERED ILLUSIONS

By David Green
Cooley Vocational High

I took her to a concert;
I took her to a show;
I took her almost everywhere
A boy and girl could go.

I took her to dances;
I took her out to tea;
When all my dough was gone, I saw
She had been taking me!

THE DATE

By Hugh Nelson
Taft High School

Okay! Check the tie, the collar; pick up the keys. "Good-bye everyone."

First time you have permission to use the car on a date. Keep your wits about you, or it may never happen again. Neutral; clutch in; turn the key! Good! Now turn on the lights and check the rear view; slo-o-owly pull out. Now go get Peggy.

Aaaah, what a girl, and she's always surrounded by the beautiful fragrance of gardenias...Gardenias! I forgot the flowers!

Around the block again. You feel like a fool, don't you? All right, leave the engine running and go in and grab the flowers.

Off again, this time a little more careful. Signal for a left turn. Ah, Peggy...eyes like the sky on a clear autumn day; hair like a waterfall of sunlight; face of an angel, and a figure to match...Aaaah Peggy! "Beep Beeeeeeep."

Sorry, fella, I didn't mean to cut you off. Keep your mind on your driving. Signal right; little more brake; downshift. There's the house. Pull into the driveway. Oops, you're on the lawn; straighten it out! Hmm...little slope in the driveway; no wonder it was hard to steer. Ready? Lights off, shift neutral, engine off. Flatten your cowlick. Get out, up the steps, ring the bell. The car sure looks nice and clean...Hey...Hey! it's rollin' into the street. Run! Get in! Put that brake on! Okay, stupid, now try it again; this time use the parking brake.

"Good evening Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Is your daughter ready?" Wow... what a girl, what a beautiful dress, what a wonderful dance this will be. Well, don't stand there and gawk, say something. "Shall we go?" Open the door...you're off.

Open the car door; help her in. Start the car; lights on; parking brake off; check the traffic. Boy, this is the kind of girl you enjoy being with...intelligent and easy to talk to, witty, cute, slightly sophisticated, but able to laugh. Signal right. I wish she'd sit a little closer. Look, your hand is shaking; this girl really does things to you! Relax, you idiot, or you'll make another mistake.

Biggest dance of the season, and Peggy decided to go with you, you lucky boy! Signal left; watch your driving or you're liable to make her sorry she came.

There's a parking place; grab it. Well, it's smaller than you thought, but you can still make it. Put it in reverse, hard right...or is it left? No, it's right. Ease it back...You fool, you're up on the curb. Make a joke, quick. I bet she really thinks you're a half-wit.

Well, you've had your share of bad luck tonight, but your troubles will soon be over; there's the door to the gym. Slowly, don't trip on the stairs. Now, reach into your back pocket, get the wallet; the tickets are in the billford part.

Other pocket?

Hip pocket?

COAT POCKET?!

OH, NO!!!

WHO HAS A PENCIL?

By Edward Azoff
Tuley High School

The way we use the word "borrow" is a very fascinating subject about which to write or talk. When someone asks, "May I borrow a pencil?" or "May I borrow a sheet of notebook paper?", nine chances out of ten the lender might as well say goodbye to his property forever. The borrower might have the very best of intentions concerning the returning of the article, but the human tendency to just plain forget is usually stronger than any of the latter's hopes; the addition of such remarks as "I'll pay you back tomorrow" aren't much help either.

I've given the problem much thought, and think I have found the root to all the trouble. If you can remember your efforts to learn to subtract, you will recall that when the ones digit in the subtrahend was larger than the corresponding digit in the minuend, you were told to "borrow" a ten from the tens column. Did you ever return that ten? Of course not.

How about saying that one language "borrows" words from another? You know as well as I that once a word is "borrowed" it's as good as gone.

My theory is that people express themselves in exactly the same manner in everyday speech. To remedy this, I propose that when a person"borrows" something from his neighbor, he should simply add the word "permanently" to his question. Thus, "May I borrow a pencil" becomes "May I borrow a pencil permanently," which in my opinion, gives a much more accurate description of what is taking place. Don't you agree?

THE THREAT

By Laurence Mack
Mather High School

In this modern age of missiles and Metrecal, there has been a trend towards abbreviating long names with initials. At first the abbreviations were relatively simple as the CCC, the NRA, and the USA, but in recent years, the trickle has become a torrent. The American people have been asked to decipher abbreviations like ANZAC, SPYROS, and LAZAR. This trend threatens to destroy the American tradition of precise identity and reduce everything to a group of initials. Look what this trend has done to an American family living in Los Angeles, California.

Once upon a time there was a couple named Bee and Jay. They had met at the USO while Jay was in the USAF and Bee in the WAC. They were married by a JP and settled in LA. They bought a home with the help of the VHA and borrowed regularly from HFC. Jay went to UCLA and received his Ph.D in SSP. Bee attended USC and obtained a B.S. in Ph. They bought a VW, a GE AM-FM TV, and an AMC refrigerator. Jay believed that LS/MFT and Bee smoked L&M. At election time they worked for JFK and thought he was O.K. They had a little girl whom they named Kay. She could only eat S&W food so Bee shopped at the A&P in her VW, received S&H stamps, and saved them for an RCA.

Jay was PDQ and for his work on NMR soon became a VIP. He often flew to

NYC on TWA to meet with his boss, JB, and other VIP's about the NSF. Bee and Jay made the transition complete, moved to Belair in LA and bought a 300 SL. At election they switched to the GOP and always did their shopping at VL&A. Every night Jay read the UPI report of the JFK speech at the UN, the AP report of the LBJ visit to the USSR, and the crisis at the OAS. After reading the papers, he called all the New-Frontier's men JERKS.

As Kay grew older, she joined the USY and the JCC. At school she was given the NEDT, SAT, NMSQT, and the PSAT. She became a member of the NHS and joined the FNA. Her parents joined the PTA and ADL in addition to the UJA. Bee and Jay bought GM stock on the NYSE approved by the SEC to help pay for Kay's education at MSU. When Kay was given her own telephone, she received a LDD number from AT&T and another from the USPD. With all their initials, Jay, Bee, and Kay LHEA (lived happily ever after).

AFFECTIONS A LA CARTE

By Myra J. Lazerwith
Bowen High School

"To young lovers, wherever and whenever they are! May all their days be happy and all their troubles be few!" Each raised his glass on high, merrily shouted the romantic toast, and then took his seat to begin the first of my seven-course dinner. Gazing about the room, one would realize that the night was made for love, for seated at my table were none other than Juliet Capulet with her date Romeo, Miss Katy Scarlett O'Hara, flashing her emerald-green eyes and flirting quite obviously with Rhett Butler, the lovely Cleopatra, escorted by Mr. Caesar, and the most famous of them all, Miss Eve and Adam. It might seem strange to an outsider that all these people should come to my house for dinner, but they are all old acquaintances, whom I have grown to know so well; and besides when friendship is involved, the time or place seems quite irrelevant.

Scarlett opened the conversation by saying, "How's life in that little "Ole" Suburb of the Nile, Cleo?" Before Cleopatra could utter a word, that snippy Miss O'Hara, self-centered as usual said, "We're just so busy at Tara, Pa says that the cotton should bring in just millions this year."

At that moment Eve broke in, "Adam and I are so proud of our victory garden. We were just awarded first place in the apple-picking contest."

The evening passed in this way, with each of my guests giving accounts of their busy lives and indulging in delightful conversations. At one point it was quite noticeable that Scarlett was paying a great deal of attention to Romeo, who was responding eagerly. Juliet, aware of her new rival, quickly gave Romeo a little nudge and whispered, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but my name is Juliet, remember?"

Tension was building until Cleopatra broke the silence by turning to Eve, "They're wearing hemlines longer these days, you know. At least that's the style in Egypt, but what's the fashion in Eden?" Eve's face turned as red as the apples in her garden. Realizing her embarrassment, Cleopatra did not press the matter.

The climax of the evening was reached when Caesar completely ignored his date and concentrated on the charming little southern belle from Atlanta. The war was on and it was the alluring Queen of Egypt against the darling of the South. At last in a fit of temper, Cleo turned furiously to her escort screaming, "Et tu, Caesar," and began chasing him through the house. The situation was most uncomfortable and the young couple, Romeo and Juliet, took their farewell, assuring me that the party was lovely and "parting was such sweet sorrow." Adam and Eve soon took the hint and left shortly afterward. Rhett Butler and I were left facing each other at the dinner table. In the background Cleo and Scarlett were on the verge of scratching each other's eyes out, while Caesar was acting as referee. When I asked Rhett how he felt about it all, he answered promptly, "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a hang."

It is now midnight and all my guests have gone home. In a hostess-like manner I begin to review the highlights of the evening. "Why did I invite these people in particular?" I ask myself. I suppose it was because they were so alike, so colorful, so temperamental, so dedicated to love. Maybe they had too much in common, though, and that was the reason for all the commotion. I do hope that they enjoyed themselves, but as Scarlett would say, "I won't think about it anymore tonight. I'll think about it tomorrow. After all, tomorrow's another day."

POODLE PROVES SOFT

By Jerry Rifkin
Morgan Park High

To a poodle owner, there is no similarity whatsoever between the words dog and poodle. The poodle is, in fact, the "third" member in the family and represents the joining link between the human and the dog.

What differentiates the poodle from other house dogs? First, the names Alfonse de Ravel, Coquette, Monique de la Zissie, Pom Pom can hardly share the same billing with such American favorites as Rusty, Brownie, Tag, and Frisky.

The poodle does not have the opportunity to chase automobiles, bite mailmen, and play with children because he must spend the majority of his time in the beauty salon where he is bathed, cut, manicured, and curled. The poodle spends his time sleeping and watching TV, not burying bones and chasing rabbits.

Why don't the language experts come up with a new word which will set the poodle apart from the dog family once and for all--humog (human and dog)? This would undoubtedly please the poodle owner, because he resents present relationship of dog and poodle. It would also please the poodle because he loves to think of himself as distinctly unique. But most of all, it would please the other dogs because they don't want to have anything more to do with these "snobs."

CONTEMPLATION

By Ruth Lindquist
Calumet High School

In days of old, when men were bold,
This little bit of lore was told.
Two soldiers on a night so cold,
Swore that a ghost they did behold.
They told Horatio of this sight,
That they had seen the past two nights.
At their tale he but laughed and scoffed,
And told them that their minds were off.
To prove that they were quite all right,
Horatio watched with them one night.
Twelve o'clock and all was well,
When suddenly their eyes befell.
A ghost majestic marching by,
With sad and very mournful eyes.
Twice Horatio addressed this sight,
But not once did he hear a mite.
The crowing cock was thought to blame,

It chased the ghost from whence it came.
Horatio said it was quite a thing,
It does resemble the late king.
To this conclusion they all came,
This to Hamlet, they must proclaim.
And so to this, I'll add one thought,
If I were there, I'd be distraught.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

By Barry Bergstrom
Washington High

Chapter 1

NOW it came to pass in the days when the pigs were plentiful, that there was a famine in the land. And a certain mother pig had three sons.

2. The mother pig was called by name Ruth, the daughter of Martha, the daughter of Esther, and the three sons were called by name Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Shadrach being the eldest.

3. Then hence one day, Ruth sadly saith to her three godly sons.

4. My sons thou must goeth out to seek the land of plenty or we shall all perish, and may the Lord deal kindly with you and grant that you may find rest.

5. And it came to pass that they heedeth their mother's saying and setteth out to seek the land of plenty.

Chapter 2

NOW each of the three godly sons setteth out each on his own way.

2. But the two youngest of the sons, that is Meshach and Abednego, only went one and ten miles from their dwelling.

3. Now Meshach findeth a harvester of straw by the will of the Lord and saith thus,

4. Behold, wilt thou givest me some of thine straw that I may build myself a dwelling.

5. The man being of the Lord, gavest to the pig four and thirty weight of straw and the little pig sang praises to God.

6. Also Abednego, being of the same mind, had not gone far when he became joyful at the sight of a man with the twigs of the field in his arms and he saith,

7. Please, man, givest me thou those twigs that I may build myself a dwelling.

8. When the man giveth the pig the twigs of the field, Abednego praiseth the Lord and built himself a dwelling.

Chapter 3

NOW when a few days had passed and the two dwellings were built with the help of the Lord, a wolf, of two years, filled with devil and also hungry from the famine in the land, came to each dwelling saying,

2. Little pig, let'st me in.

3. And Abednego answereth him saying, Nay, nay, not by the hair of my chin.

4. The wolf say'st, Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your dwelling in.

5. And that he did and he ateth the little pig.

6. In the same manner also he bleweth the dwelling of Meshach in and ateth him.

Chapter 4

BUT the eldest pig, Shadrach, went farther to the land of plenty;

2. And built a dwelling of bricks which was strong in the Lord.

3. Now after the fifth day, the wolf came to the dwelling of Shadrach.

4. But the angel of the Lord was with him and the wolf could'st not blow the dwelling in.

5. Then the sly wolf led out the pig by temptations, but the angel of the Lord was round about them.

6. The pig saith to the wolf, Get thee hence, wolf, and the wolf leaveth.

7. When the sun was high in the sky, the wolf cam'st and was angered.

8. The wolf say'st, I shall come down the chimney and eat'st you up.

9. But the little pig taketh the cover off a large waterpot which was over the fire;

10. And the wolf tumbleth into the boiling pot.

11. Then the little pig, Shadrach, placed the cover on.

12. Shadrach praiseth God and saith, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward pigs.

THE END OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

MR. PRESIDENT GOES SHOPPING

By Carole Ann Forester
Waller High School

"May I help you?" As I stood behind the counter of the stationery store where I work, I uttered these words almost automatically. Looking up, I was surprised to see a grubby-faced little boy walk up to me with his two friends, or maybe they were slaves, tiptoeing meekly behind him. After he had told me his life story, he announced proudly that he wanted to buy construction paper for his clubhouse. While he slowly, and with much deliberation, picked out thirty sheets of paper, he gave me the "top secret" information about his club. He, of course, was president, and his two friends--vice president and treasurer. I never did find out if there were any other members in the club.

I heaved a sigh of relief when he counted out the right amount of money and handed it to me. But this was not the end. Mr. President's pockets were still jingling, and he couldn't possibly leave without spending every penny. He proceeded to look around the store to see what other treasures he could buy. My eagle eye followed his every move. Evidently, nothing fascinated him more than the construction paper, for he decided to buy some more. He always conveniently chose the colors on the bottom of the pile so that I could have the wonderful opportunity of bending down, rocking on my heels, and falling backwards on another customer's feet, as I pulled the paper out.

Now it finally seemed as if he were actually leaving. I gave him his package and watched him march out gaily--on his way to another store to give thirty minutes of frustration to another lucky, lucky salesgirl.

NEWSPAPERS

By Cornelia Martin
Parker High School

Educated people read the newspapers, little children make hats out of them, housewives throw trash away in them. What do you do with them?

Teen-agers read Edan Wright, the columnists, and the horoscopes; old people put them on freshly scrubbed floors; movie goers look at the movie section on Wednesdays and Friday to see the changes. How do you use them?

Intellectuals work the crossword puzzles, all-Americans read the sports pages, business executives read the stock exchange. What do you get from them?

Students read the comics, teachers read the editorials, and I? I just buy them!

SMILE PLEASE

By Marilyn Meyer
Fenger High School

When I see a photograph
Sometimes I glare but most times I laugh.
A reproduction of my face
Sends me staring into space
Wondering how I could have made
My looks turn into masquerade
Or turn my form to such a jest.
"It certainly is not my best!"
I'm often overheard exclaim,
But talking now won't change the same
Or strained excuses won't erase
The foolish look stamped on my face.
While all the rest are all quite grim
There stand I in silly grin.
I've spoiled the album,
Chaos wrought!!!
And all because a fleeting thought
Transposed itself upon my face
Now tell me what's the big disgrace????

THE TELL-TALE CRACKERS

By Paul Bagwell
Tilden High

(This story is a parody of Edgar Allan Poe's story "The Tell-Tale Heart." A parody is the humorous imitation of a literary style, structure, or subject.)

True! - hungry - very, very dreadfully hungry I am! (I didn't eat my supper) but why will you say I'm bad?

It's easy to say when the idea first entered my mind. A night of watching television in hunger drove me to the deed. Object, there was one. I was hungry. Passion there was also. I love saltines.

Up to this point you'd say I was an ordinary, unthinking boy of five. But you should have seen how wisely I proceeded - with what caution - with what foresight - with such plotting.

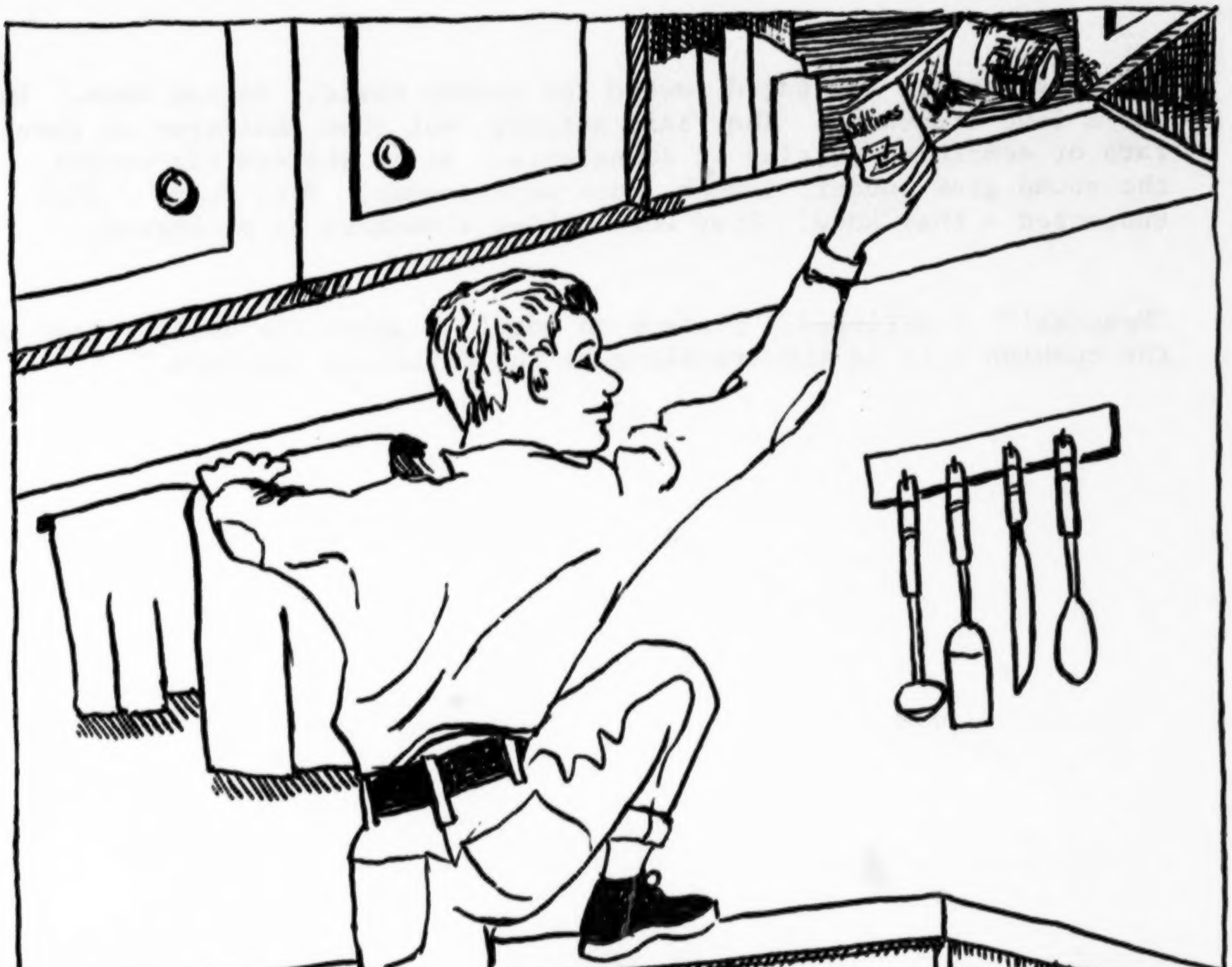
They sent me up to bed, my stomach growling. I waited in silent agony until they went to bed. Slowly, ever so slowly, I turned the door knob. Painstakingly I crept out into the hall. I stopped. I listened. The venture had sharpened my hearing. I heard Mrs. Jones' dog barking in the yard. I heard the refrigerator turn on. Hearing nothing to hamper me ahead, I proceeded. With steps carefully chosen, I inched to the stairs. Twenty of the longest stairs in my life passed under my feet.

After what seemed hours, I reached the kitchen door. Pushing the door open, I reached down for the flashlight I had wisely placed near the door before going to bed. Clicking it on, I silently creeped over to the cabinets. I slowly opened the right one. There they were! But wait, an obstacle was in my path. Reaching up was no problem, with the aid of a chair and the Red Book. But, sitting on top of the saltines was a large can of peaches. I could just barely reach the crackers, let alone the can. I had to chance it. Carefully I slid the box of crackers to the end of the shelf. It tilted, dropping the can with a thunderous crash on an overturned washtub. Thinking quickly, I grabbed my crackers, closed the cabinet, kicked the can in a corner, replaced the chair, and darted, with my flashlight, into the closet in the hall.

I waited there until I heard Mom and Dad rushing down the stairs. As they entered the kitchen and flipped the light on, I darted up the stairs into my room.

I spread the crackers around the seat of a wooden chair and set a cushion on it. Disposing of the box out the window, I jumped into bed and mocked sleep.

Hearing them at the door, I shut my eyes tight and hoped with all my might that they would not enter. The doorknob clicked - the door opened - they entered. They mentioned to me that there was a commotion


Saltines

in the kitchen. Dad edged toward the wooden chair. He sat down. There was a loud crunching. They said nothing, but just chattered on about rats or something getting in downstairs. As he shifted his weight, the sound grew louder, louder, much much louder. They heard - they suspected - they knew! They were making a mockery of my horror.

"Meanies!" I shrieked, "pretend no more! I admit the deed! - tear up the cushion - it is the crackling of the delicious crackers."

A thing of beauty
is a joy forever.
--John Keats

BEAUTY

A VISIT IN DAYDREAMS

By Marilyn Shulman
Senn High School

I am a daydreamer, a planner whose body sits writing of the things that the mind longs to do. I love to muse over daily events which could turn into . . ., but never do. My dreams have no practical foundation, just vague thoughts that happened into my brain when I was not watchful of their coming. One recurring idea, which the logical side of me can't seem to get rid of, is that of an extended visit to London. London -- Scrooge, Oliver Twist, Sherlock Holmes, Eliza Doolittle!! Eh, there I go again.

Somehow, these characters have come alive in my mind. If I were to visit London, I would not be in the least surprised to see and talk with any or all of them. I do not mean this literally. In any crowd of milling, shoving people there is a Scrooge, a Doolittle. I have come to associate these personalities with England, or more especially London, the city in which they "lived." Thus, to me, London has become the fairytale city.

Even though I live in a country whose population is supposedly as varied as it could be, I have come to consider London the melting pot of the world. There must be grimy-faced urchins whose mouths seemingly turn liquid as they contort to say, "Hieyow'--wouldn't it be loverly?" Then I can visualize the high-stepping "aristocrat" with his nose pointing skyward and twitching in distaste as he utters each affected vowel.

In my daydreams, I see a fog so thick that it at once suggests loneliness and security as it envelops the city in a drifting cloud. Although the fog may sometimes blot out the sunlight, it serves to make people more aware of that brightness, for where something is scarce it is the better appreciated. I think it would be fun, for a time, to live in a country that lies in the middle of an ocean as if it were dropped there by mistake when Europe was attached to Asia, a crumb that was never picked up and brought back to the whole.

My more practical half is happily aware of the excellent opportunities for study that a trip to London would afford me. There would be the chance to examine British theater first-hand; to delve more deeply into its history, its authors, its plays. I would see the red-bricks the church spires, the Sussex lawns, the "bobbies," the beggars whose portraits have been painted in countless contributions to classic literature.

My imagination knows no bounds. It follows no paths and so cannot come to the end of a road. I may never see London, foggy and bustling, but there is just a chance that maybe someday I will. Until then, I dream of that storybook city.

DISCOVERY

By Edith Hermann
Schurz High School

I walked down the shore on the carpet of sand--
Above were the stars keeping watch o'er the land;
I saw in the distance the pine and the elm
Stretching their branches toward heaven's own realm.

I felt it pass by me, the cool gentle breeze
As it tenderly stole toward the far distant trees;
I looked and I thought as I studied the scene,
One of beauty and wonder, alive yet serene:

If all could but walk in the peace of the night
That knows nothing of anger or tension or fright
Like me they would find far from meaningless strife
That deep in the night lies the beauty of life.

BEAUTY

By Beverly Sandler
Bowen High School

Beauty is the easy hues of dawn of day;
Beauty is the clear blue sky and clouds of May.

It is the loveliness of white and blue
Of Winter's snow, all fresh and new.

Beauty is Autumn's decorous wood
Topped by a red and yellow hood.

It is the melodic song of a bird in flight;
The quiet stillness in the dark of night.

It is the pure white of a wing of a dove;
Beauty is life, and beauty is love.

CURIOSITY

By Stewart Zelman
Mather High School

I wonder, said the child
As the time he beguiled,
Father what makes the sun, the moon, the stars?
What makes hats, what makes cars?
What makes the earth turn,
The fire burn?
How long will I live? When will I die?
Will I lie in the grave, or soar to the sky?
I wonder, said the child.
And his father only smiled.

DAWN

By Helene Siegel
Mather High School

Darkness hung like a curtain awaiting the magic touch of dawn which would lift it high into the heavens. Suddenly, as if it had been carelessly dropped, a silken mist floated down to the earth; water droplets trapped in this gauzy web began to glisten as impetuous beams of light crept stealthily out of the night. Their effulgence redoubled when a brilliant red mantle majestically emerged announcing the coming of the sun. Here and there a stubborn star still flickered as if to defy the master of day, but the fiery orb extended its powerful rays and engulfed the rebels, blotting them from sight. And it was morning.

THE VANISHING LITTLE PEOPLE

By Linda Rodd
Senn High School

The fairies, those magical little creatures with gauzy wings, are practically extinct. Every year there are fewer and fewer. Naturally, it is quite an unhappy prospect for the Little People that they may disappear entirely after so many hundreds of years of good deeds and mischief. However, unless the present situation changes quickly, such may be the case.

Fairies are dainty-winged creatures who stand about 12 inches tall. There are boy and girl fairies, although the girls receive more recognition. (Whoever heard of a fairy godfather?) They are lively and intelligent and usually kind-hearted and helpful, although they can be naughty and mischievous. Some fairies live in houses, but most prefer to live in forests or meadowlands. They stay in large groups ruled by a king and queen.

There are many different types of fairies. Tooth fairies, of course, remove lost teeth from under children's pillows and leave coins in their place. There are fairies, so I have heard, who live in houses and wash dishes, sweep floors, and dust tables in return for crumbs of food. I have never had the good fortune to live in a house with a house fairy. There are also fairy godmothers, who befriend pretty grils with evil stepmothers, and personal fairies, who, as special friends of children, make them brave in the dark, listen to their secrets, and send them sweet dreams when they sleep. Many fairies just wander from place to place, helping people or playing pranks as they go. These are the fairies who drop a quarter on the sidewalk in front of you when you have forgotten your bus fare, or (feeling fickle) deliberately dribble spaghetti down your chin at lunch just as that handsome senior is passing by.

Each fairy does many wonderful things for people who do not know she is there, but as soon as no one at all believes in her and loves her, she dies. The Little People are nourished by human affection, appreciation, and especially belief. Today fewer and fewer people believe in fairies. This decline in belief is the cause of the death of so many of them and is a sad reflection on us humans. In our businesslike, scientific world we have come to demand proof of the existence of everything, and, finding no proof for fairies, we have dismissed them as old-fashioned nonsense. Children reared on the magic of feature-length cartoons, bubble-gum machines, and Cape Canaveral have no use

for the magic of the imagination. They do not need or want twinkling, delicate sprites who make wishes come true; they have television. Is it possible that, if the Little People are allowed to vanish completely, human imaginations may die too? Then the darting, shimmering corner of the mind which created fairies in the first place would be dead.

COLOR: A HAPPY THING

By Marilyn Hollander
Taft High School

Isn't color a happy thing?
The whirr of a red-bird in
the spring.
A haughty peacock boasting
his hue.
A shimmering lake--silver
and blue.
Bright shifting sands of
amber and gold.
Black and white sheep
asleep in the fold.
Creeping green vines cov'ring
time-blackened walls.
Seasoned leaves turning gold
in the fall.
Delicate peach of a baby's
soft skin.
Sparkling blue eyes,
a twinkle within.
Tropical sunsets of salmon
and pink.
With silhouette palms,
black as ink.
An orchard of cherry trees
blossoming.
Isn't color a happy thing?

CREATIVITY

By Sandra Cohn
Marshall High

One of the most wonderful abilities that ALL humans possess is creative

talent. "That talent which is death to hide," enabling the dream, the plan, the concept to take hold and become one with the world, is man's strongest hope for survival.

Man built the Golden Gate Bridge, Yankee Stadium, and the Eiffel Tower. Man wrote the Declaration of Independence, Hamlet, and Tom Sawyer. Man painted the "Mona Lisa," "The Last Supper," and "Sunflowers." Man creates from the seed and spark that lies within.

Yet, man can only blame himself when that seed wilts and dies...when that spark flickers and dissipates...for his spirit is inadequate. Governments need reform; the fields of art and allied cultures need to be uprooted from the cancerous growth of mediocrity; the cracks in society and civilization are in need of repair.

Living up to and beyond one's creative potential should not be the exception, but the expected. It is the DUTY of man to tap his inner resources and to give to the world the beauteous fibers of his soul in splendor; it is the DUTY of man to inspire goodness in others.

God has planted the seed. Man must sow it, refuel it, cultivate it, and cherish it until the product becomes a thing of beauty, strength, and permanence for man to live on, look on, and lean on. The canvass of the world will not then be one of greying hues, only a brilliant tapestry of golden perfection.

A TIME OF DISCOVERY

By Barbara Strait
Senn High School

Discovery, though perhaps not generally recognized as such, is one of the most important factors in the happiness of man, for, if taken in the broadest sense, discovery means any new experience, and new experience is the mother of excitement, variety, curiosity, and wonder. Such an experience happened to me while walking through the contemporary art section of the Art Institute. In the last room, I stopped and sat down in front of a Rothko which I had seen often but never understood. I looked for a long time, eyes fixed, till my mind was filled with the giant canvas.

Orange, orange, and yellow, shimmering and dazzling like a desert sun; flat yet vibrant, moving, racing, or was the movement in my eyes? Orange and yellow luminous, hazy squares of suspended, visible warmth floating in the atmosphere. At the bottom of the painting some accidental, barely noticeable lines traced distant mountains and calm sea in my imagination--a golden world in a glowing universe of orange pigment; a delicate dream world, obscured by its own brightness, hidden in the screaming color. When finally I turned away, my senses were altered and frozen by the change. The room looked very cold and clear, almost blue, as if I were seeing it through ice. Sounds, sharp and amplified, suddenly hit my consciousness. This was a reality that passed reality. I was standing apart, at a great distance from the world. Only my eyes were in the room there.

Later, when coming up the stairs, I saw the Henry Moore statue, a calm detached lady sitting with graceful carelessness, unaware of the visitors' rude gazes. As I came closer, the lady was forgotten; there were only curves, spaces, and worked bronze. The only flat section, a battle-scarred field of metal, scattered the flowing lines of the figure and tried to distract me. I bent down and looked through an opening that was no opening, but a dark mountain passage leading to a beautiful plain of light. The statue was a swirling current suddenly frozen in the midst of motion. My hands, touching the shape, were caught up in the movement and tantalized by the everchanging patterns of texture. I walked around it, watching the panorama of line and molded shape unfold, sending my hand, roller-coaster like, up and down every curve, completely engrossed.

A time in life is often thought to refer to a rather long period, but in memory twenty minutes can be more important than twenty years. In the mind of every person there are certain brief, happy experiences which remain clear even though events around them have dissolved into the past. It is these experiences, like the two just described, rather than years or days, which make being worth while, and it is the memory of these that adds significance to life.

THE ARTIST AND HIS PAINTING

By Ted Szostkowski
Lane Technical High

The artist and his painting are one being. With the paint that flows on the canvas flows the life of the artist. He not only blends colors in his work, but blends his emotions. His painting may have the greys of sorrow or the pastels of happiness, but as his mood changes, so does his work, giving it the breath of life. The painting lives the soul of its creator.

With a skilled hand that few possess, the artist can capture the essence of spring, the warmth of a smile, or the fury of a storm. His eye is trained to work with his hand, to notice the beauty of life and to transfer that beauty to a piece of canvas. With his brush he animates his feelings and brings to view the complex inner structure of man, for in his painting is a part of himself. The artist is a portrait of life:

The only success the artist seeks is his own satisfaction. His reward is a job well done. It is the artist who transposes his mind's ideas and his heart's emotions to colorful oils, and only he is capable of comprehending his creation. The painting has a meaning.

The artist views the world in a different perspective and on a different plane. It is the artist who sees the beauty in billowing clouds or watches a candle shed wax tears. He takes time to observe and notice the world that he is a part of. His happiness is in putting on canvas the beauty he sees. He may use his creative mind to further enhance the beauty he sees, and use his hand and eye to make it a true masterpiece. From his fertile mind stream the procession of ideas that have produced the great art in our churches, and the great art that will enlighten the lives of succeeding generations.

HIM

By Dorothy Andrich
Tuley High School

This person is considered ancient by friends, and ages older than I. I don't know him so intimately that I could write a complete biography. I can only try to show you his character.

After he was born, he was always a curious infant, poking his cranium into everything that lay ahead. His parents, who were very patient, couldn't help scolding the mischievous lad. But he went on.

As he grew older, his friends would remark at his amazing talent with music. His parents disapproved, but what could they do? As he grew older and earned his own living, he paid his own way through music schools.

His teachers were astounded by his brilliant, prodigious mind, and he himself was rigidly taught. But, as always, he was inquisitive; he wondered about things...so often that his teachers soon asked themselves, "Where have we failed?"

It seemed the more he studied musical theory, the more he protested it. He was so rebellious that friends called him another Galileo. He often got into violent arguments with his teachers about rules.

Rules, rules. What did he care? Why rules? Why can't you write music to please yourself?...and not rules? "What's so important about them?... surely someone has broken them before," he would think.

So he forgot the rules. He made up his own system of rules.

"Shocking!" his friends would say, "This impressionism...insane!"

One music critic even went so far as to call his whole-tone scale a streak of insanity.

So he lived as a hermit, his only companions being artists who had impressionistic concepts. He was miserable...but now it is assumed everywhere that everyone thinks of him as the composer who started our modern music...at that time, a radical named Claude Debussy.

TO SOUND

By Ann Roberts
Calumet High School

What if I had never heard
The sound of music or a bird!
If, to my ears, had never come
The lovely whispering of some
Gentle breezes in the month of May,
Fluttering leaves on an autumn day,
Soothing noises on a summer night,

Sweet song and music for my delight.
Thankful am I that to my ear
Come all the noises that abound
On this vast earth both far and near.
What a lonely place--without a sound!
May I always strive to make
All my senses wide awake!

JAZZ

By John Douard
Foreman High School

A tearing, beating, frightening discord
Sets the tone for music to follow.
Hate, love, fear--all emotions within
My soul from a single harmonic.

The flute enters...followed by trumpet in fugue;
Melodies weave between and through each other,
Ending on a simple discord,
Sending through my being a shiver of awareness.

Again it starts! Evoking all emotion, all feeling.
As a sailor watches the sea turn from calm to violence,
So I hear my jazz changing capriciously,
Over the harmonic patterns beating in my heart.

Suddenly laughter erupts...A high shriek!
Perhaps a scream of terror or longing.
No matter. Each makes of it what he will.
Jazz is understood by all with understanding.

Tension builds! Trumpets lash at horns!
Saxes chase trombones to their depths.
A beating triplet repeats, and searingly repeats.
Suddenly a calm--as the piano takes a solo, sweetly, concisely.

Once more the triplet,
A roll of drums beaten to insensibility;
Trumpet, piano, drum; triplet repeated, repeated!
The final crashing chord. Silence!

THE MAGIC OF WORDS

By Donna Gersh
Roosevelt High School

Words to live and love and sing a song by,
Words that swish and ring and sound like spring.
Soft words, gentle words, words to be delighted by,
"Please" and "Thank you" and words of compassion
That go out to the heart and lastingly cling.

Lazy "I don't care" words
Hazy "I don't knows"
But glow words that like smiles
Disperse recurring woes.

Proud, complacent, selfish words,
Marked by pronoun I.
"Of course I"...and "You know I"...words,
"I like this" and "I want that,"
Words to be repulsed by.

But words of Beauty, Wisdom, Truth
That march as great thoughts' soldiers,
Defeating evil, hate, and lies,
Toting life's answer upon strong shoulders.

And most of all the words of friends
That need not be spoke aloud.
Words of the soul, silent, and warm
Love's words, so humble yet proud.

THE WONDER OF WORDS

By Adrienne Bass
Roosevelt High School

Words are like keys, each one having its particular place. One would not consider attempting to start a car with a door key; by the same token, the person who uses an incorrect word will fail to achieve his desired goal, that of putting a point across clearly. A basic but simple vocabulary enables one to communicate fairly well. Like a skeleton key, however, it cannot be counted upon in a situation which requires precision. Only the exact word can convey a delicate shade of meaning.

Vast storehouses of literature are opened by the magic of words, giving an entrance to the hearts and minds of the world's greatest poets, playwrights, novelists, and historians. Perhaps the most rewarding experience of a young person just beginning to acquire a love for words is his first encounter with a great poet. The words used in poetry are often chosen for their melody and rhythm, and may induce a mood because of their very sounds. Edgar Allen Poe used alliteration most effectively in his poem, "Bells." Reading this poem, one can hear the bells tinkle, chime, and toll.

To read any of Walt Whitman's poetry is to hear his sonorous voice and to become imbued with his contagious love of life. An individual who exalted individuality, a common man who sang the song of the common man, an American who praised America's accomplishments, Whitman still lives; for his unquenchable vitality is a living part of everything he wrote.

Words used by artists are keys to the highest emotions of which mankind is capable. Manipulated by the unscrupulous, however, words can be deadly weapons. The resounding power of "Heil Hitler!" is frightening in retrospect because of the blinding effect these two words had upon a nation. Meaningless phrases such as "Have a real cigarette" are used in advertising to catch at the gullibility of people to exploit them for personal gain. Often-repeated phrases about a race or religion are a cause of prejudice by association.

Even our own inspiring statement from the Declaration of Independence, "All men are created equal," can lead to misinterpretation and frustration in the face of the variety of types and talents of men. Even though each citizen is not gifted with identical characteristics, all Americans have a right to the same justice. Furthermore, every man is possessed of certain needs and desires, among these the needs of food, shelter, and warmth, and the desires for recognition, love, and respect. The statement can inspire idealism and courage in those who suffer the gross inequalities that still prevail in parts of the world. In our own country, we ought to be mindful of the brotherhood this statement upholds: equality of opportunity and equal treatment under the law.

Words can be tools, lyrics, weapons, and abstractions. They can be used to convey love, hatred, and every other human emotion; or they can be employed to cloud the issues and ensnare the ignorant. The wonder of words lies in their flexibility, in their variety, and in their interpretation.

ETERNITY

By Brad Lorimier
Morgan Park High

The snow melts on the mountain
And the water runs down to the spring,
And the spring, in a foaming fountain
With a song of youth to sing,
Runs down to the racing river,
And the river runs to the sea,
And the water again
Goes back in rain
To the hills where it used to be.

PEACE

By Bonnie Wilson
Bowen High School

While standing quietly upon the knoll
I heard the church bell faintly toll.
And by the light of new-born day
I saw the hill across the bay.
So still, how deathly still they lay,
And when I saw their graves I prayed.
But there before my awe-struck eyes
I saw the hills all come to life.
I saw the mighty men of past
Who fought for peace they thought would last.
But did they give their lives in vain?
For we're so close to war again.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.
--William Wordsworth

NATURE

CREATION OF NATURE

By Barbara Gibson
Phillips High

Bubbles are made to foam
As birds are made to fly;
Trees are made to grow
As men are made to die.

HAPPINESS

By Marsha Krause
Austin High School

Like a songbird it comes in,
Like a bird it sweetly sings
Glorious joy. To each it gives
Faith to hope for better things.

Like a weasel it departs,
Quickly, with no mercy,
Leaving hollows in the hearts.
Sad hearts are always empty.

TIME

By Diane Mikulski
Taft High School

Time can never be returned, and every precious moment wasted in boredom is like the loss of a precious gem. It will never be returned for it falls into the hands of a maniac that clutches everything tightly to its heart. This maniac? The Past!

Like a yo-yo on a string the sun rises in the east and sinks in the west. The earth turning on its axis brings different seasons--spring, summer, fall, winter. This is time, ever moving, never ceasing!

SPRING!

By Lynda Russo
Westcott Vocational High

In the Spring, you hear a sound
Which seems to swirl 'round and 'round.
It's the birds singing their song;
I know that I can't be wrong.
It's the sound of the rain,
Tapping on my window pane.
It's the sound of school bells ringing,
And little children, who all are singing.

TO AFRICAN VIOLETS BLOOMING IN APRIL

By William Freund
Lake View High School

The city is slowly warming,
Wiped clean of winter by gales of wind;
Not yet warmed by balmy sunrays,
Brown and bare and tender-skinned.
Yet in this bleak and dismal clime,
Shielded from winds by a windowpane,
Grow the beings exotic and sultry,
Nurtured by a gardener's rain.
Far from their native Africa,
Giving hope to me, impatient for May,
The violets sit on the windowsill,
Bidding winter to be on its way.

UNWANTED

By Evelyn Payne
Harlan High School

It peeks through the curtain,
  and races to the floor;
It steals across the room,
  and hides behind the door;
It wakes me from sleep gently,
  persistently it seems,
As I try to escape
  those morning sunbeams.

NOVEMBER

By Carl Bednar
Gage Park High

November is hunting season. Oh, it's true that squirrels, doves, and crows have been hunted at various times ever since September first, but ask any Illinois sportsman when hunting season opens, and he'll instinctively answer, "November seventeenth."

You see, to the upland gunner of Illinois, all other forms of hunting are merely practice for the "real" hunting season--that is, rabbits and pheasants. I'm not exactly sure why, but if you ask an Illinois gunner why he wasn't in church on a Sunday in September, he'll say, "I went dove hunting"; whereas, if you pose the same question in late November, he will simply state, "I went hunting." In other words, dove season opens on September first, but hunting season opens on November seventeenth.

I, personally, have experienced this phenomenon, and I still can't entirely explain it, but for some reason or other, when you're sitting under a leafy tree, next to a tall green corn field, with a canteen by your side to stave off heat prostration, and innumerable man-eating insects are buzzing around your head, that's not "really" hunting. But, when the corn is a shambles of faded yellow "remains" through which the black earth shows, or is perhaps covered with snow; when the invigorating air encourages rather than inhibits activity; when the only sounds to be heard in the field are the crunching of the frosty grass under your feet, the jingle-jangle of your dog's chain and license, and perhaps the far-off chug-chug of a corn picker gathering up the last of the crop; when you come home happily fatigued from climbing over brush piles, scrambling up and down gully slopes, and walking uncountable miles with the pleasant weight of a pheasant or two in your game pocket...man, that's hunting season!

A WINTER SILENCE

By Judy Bork
Washington High School

There is no sound on the frosty hill.
In a snowflake hush, all thing are still.
The maple tree, which yesterday
Had homed a humming bird,
Is quiet in a sheath of glass
Above the alabaster grass.

SNOW

By Danguole Sukelis
Gage Park High School

I am the snow,
Lying,
Covering mother earth with
A thick and icy blanket.
White,
Like a shimmering clear cloud
Drifting above the splendid
Castles of our great Creator.
Cold,
Like the tinkle of winter
Stretching its icy fingers
To all who are in its way.
Hurt,
By people tramping on my
Fragile body,
Breaking my crystal arms and legs,
Which no longer lie like a blanket,
But smothered like a fire,
Leaving only ashes and dust.
I am the snow.

THE CLOUD

By Assunta Prather
Dunbar Vocational High

While looking out the window,
The mirror of the earth,
I saw a cloud--just moving by--
That to my soul gave birth.

The cloud, a witness of the past,
Has come and it has gone.
It followed slaves and pioneers
And steered them to the dawn.

I think the cloud, above my head,
Will keep on moving by
To sprinkle rain and drop the snow
Until the day I die.

But even when my life is done
The cloud will still move on,
To guide the good and guide the bad
Into eternal dawn.

WAVES

By Michael Baum
Hyde Park High

Waves come
shoreward,
pulsing, craggy, blending masses sweeping unrestrainably
from a far horizon
where dull gray of sky
meets water's darkness
on a blurred, faint line.

From depths of distant, ancient storms
comes muted thunder, rumbling wetly
in the surf.

From distant
rushing
hissing
gushing
cascades and rapids
comes a soft and soothing sound
through the sliding surf...
as in a fantasy sounds come
from other times,
otherwhere.

With folded white wings a seabird swoops
down,
down,
down,
wheeling and coming to a stop, flapping its wings
and rising
then
diving
to the water.

The foam comes
ever forming, ever formless, vanishing, reappearing, in
pattern
          after pattern.
It is seen
and gone,
then takes another shape.

What is that, that speck of white
that lifts
and dips, rising and plunging on each successive wave?
Is it striving in vain to reach the land?

Wait,
  feather,
    paper cup,
whatever you may be.
Wait.
Wait.
Swirling currents will bring you
to your goal.
You ride atop a growing wave,
          higher, HIGHER, HIGHER!!

The wave curves forward
tumbling over
spilling
diving into foam with a
          CRASH
striking low-lying walls of rock
bursting
       with a blast of spray
quills of spray flash forward
slapping
    splattering
       pattering
down upon the higher rocks.

Water drains back to the falling wave;
It leaves the bit of white.
          What is it?
                    There is no time to see.
For the next wave thunders to the height of the rocks

the bit of white goes too
in a swirl of glassy green.

So it goes
endlessly...
tumbling in
sweeping out
and in
and
out.

THE SEA

By Susan Bretag
Jones Commercial High

He stood, watching the waves. As playing children they came tumbling in, rushing, racing to the shore. Some of them did not make it, and leaped up in surprise as they were dashed against the rocks; then they fell back dead into the jumble of their playmates. The other waves reached the shore and laughed as they poured in and sank exhausted onto the sand. He laughed with them, his white teeth showing in his dark face. He loved the sea and the sea loved him just as she loves the sky and the rocks and the sand, with an often jealous, often angry passion.

Embracing his world and feeling content, feeling at home, he threw wide his arms. He flung away his jacket and ran to the sea to play with her children, the waves. It was hard fun. He was tossed and buffeted, but he was equal to his comrades. Then he clambered onto the dry, warm top of a smooth rock and watched them striving to reach him but falling back on themselves. He laughed again. The beach called him and he went to her. The glistening sand welcomed him and clung to him possessively. He lay on his back in its soft cradle and closed his eyes. The sun watched over him and the sea sang him to sleep.

THE FIGHT

By Steven Nixon
Harper High School

The tides they come; the tides they go,
With sort of a rhyming singing flow.
Rising and falling a constant beat,

Then throbbing and smashing the walls they meet,
Walls of rock mounds proud and tall,
Guards of the sea awaiting a pall.
The waves they come; the waves they go,
Slamming and whamming to and fro,
As they war with the stone and shatter from
The monstrous stone, and again they come.
The power, the fury, with the grace of a deer,
The waves pound hard from far to near,
Then tiring, slowly, grow ever so small
Settle and then retreat from the wall,
Waiting until the darkness of night,
To again renew the age-old fight
Between Nature and Nature a battle seen,
By sky and land and things in between.

RAIN

By Susie Ring
Amundsen High School

It was a gentle rain;
It pattered carelessly on roof tops,
And formed shiny black puddles on the streets;
It caressed my window panes softly,
And slid mischievously into the cracks of the
sidewalks.

It danced gracefully with the neon lights,
And lingered fleetingly on the leaves of trees.
It quietly washed sidewalks clean,
And swept away the traces of human carelessness.
It was a gentle rain, a fresh, pure, gentle rain.

THE CANARY

By Susan Anderson
Kelly High School

Oh,
That I could spring open this door,
This limit to my freedom.
I could fly
As high as an eagle

And perch
In a tree
Like that one.

How I would sing!
Like the lark
I would spread music
Throughout the world,
And then, I would rest
On a cloud,
A pillow
To my joyful heart.
My wings would be weary
With the joy
Of my flight.

I see the sky
So blue,
And higher than
The pine trees.
The sun
Smiles at me
And motions for me
To come
Into an oak tree,
Green with
Spring foliage.

I swing
On a bough
Until the cold of the night
Sets in.
The wind is harsh
And my bones
Chatter
Within me.
The rain
Beats upon my back
So wet
And cold.

Oh, to be home
In my cage,
My shelter,
I'd never again leave
Home, my home.
Never.

WIND IS A CAT

By Loretta Johnson
Calumet High School

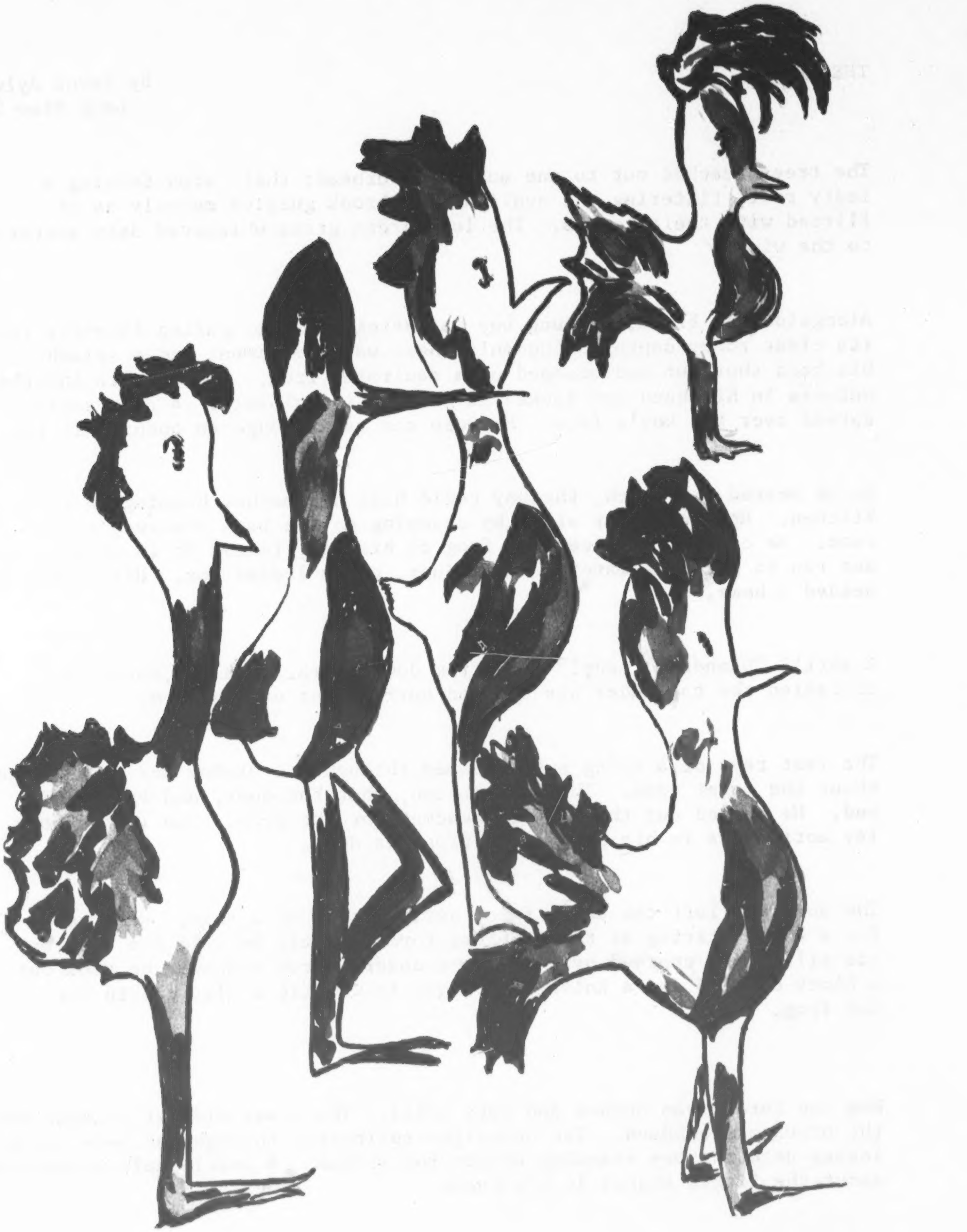
Wind is a cat.
It prowls at night,
Now in the valley
Now on a height,

Pounces on houses
Til folks in their beds
Draw all the covers
Over their heads.

He sings to the moon,
He scratches at doors,
He lashes his tail
Around chimneys and doors.

He claws at the clouds
Til he mangles the silk.
He laps up the down
Of a saucer of milk.

Then, chasing the stars
To the top of the stairs,
Curls down for a nap
And he purrs and he purrs.



THE FROG

By Rayna Aylward
Lake View High

The trees reached out to one another overhead; their arms forming a leafy roof, filtering the sunlight. A brook gurgled merrily as it flirted with their trunks. The long green grass whispered deep secrets to the wind.

Alongside the brook, a young boy was stretched out, gazing intently into its clear rocky depths. Suddenly there was a movement and a splash. His hand shot out and scooped up a squirming frog. He held its throbbing wetness in his hand and looked at his captive closely. A slow smile spread over the boy's face. He rose and ran through an opening in the trees.

As he neared the porch, the boy could hear his mother humming in the kitchen. He evaded her sight by creeping up the back stairway to his room. He carefully placed the frog on his bed, fenced it in with pillows, and ran to get some water, a container, and a lidded box. His little frog needed a home.

A shrill "Dinner's ready!" came from downstairs. The boy carefully concealed the box under his bed and hurried out of the room.

The last rays of a dying sun streamed through the window and cast a glow about the quiet room. The boy entered, shut the door, and ran to his bed. He pulled out the box and reached for the frog. The little body lay motionless in his hand. The frog was dead.

The sunlight left the boy's face, extinguished by a tear. He stood for a while staring at the lifeless form. Gently he laid the body on his pillow and crossed over to his dresser. From a drawer he took out a block of wood and a knife. He began to whittle a tiny coffin for the frog.

Now the forest was hushed and very still. The grass did not whisper and the brook was subdued. The moonlight splintered through the lacy arc of leaves unto the boy standing beside the stream. A pearly halo shimmered about the little object in his hands.

The boy's face was thoughtful and sad. Suddenly he blinked his eyes and his mouth gaped. He knelt for a better look at a half-glimpsed snake slithering lazily through the grass. His eyes ravished its gleaming coat of purple and gold. He scooped up the snake and looked it over carefully. Cradling it tenderly in his arms, he darted through the opening in the trees.

The forest was once again tranquil. The grass waved gently and the brook flowed on peacefully, clear and undisturbed by the little wooden box floating upon its wide, wet breast. The trees saluted the slow, silent passage with their slender branches; around the final bend, a rain of silver leaflets fell like tiny tears.

CAT AND BIRD

By Fern Meyer
Hyde Park High

The wide lawns shimmered under the sun, and no breeze ruffled the leaves that were already turning brown on the edges. The only movement was the pacing back and forth of a cat whose bright cinnamon fur was a startling contrast to the green around him. The cat patrolled a stretch of lawn before a tangle of bush and weeds that formed a small shelter in one corner of the yard. Near the weeds, the lawn was scattered with blue and white feathers. The cat stopped pacing and crouched in front of the weeds, his enormous eyes peering into the shelter.

Suddenly the silence of the morning was shocked by a harsh screech. A bluejay shot out of a tree, swooped down over the cat like a small dive-bomber, then flew up to perch on the high wooden fence. The cat stood up, irritated, but did not take its eyes off the weeds. The bluejay jumped and fluttered in agitation on the fence.

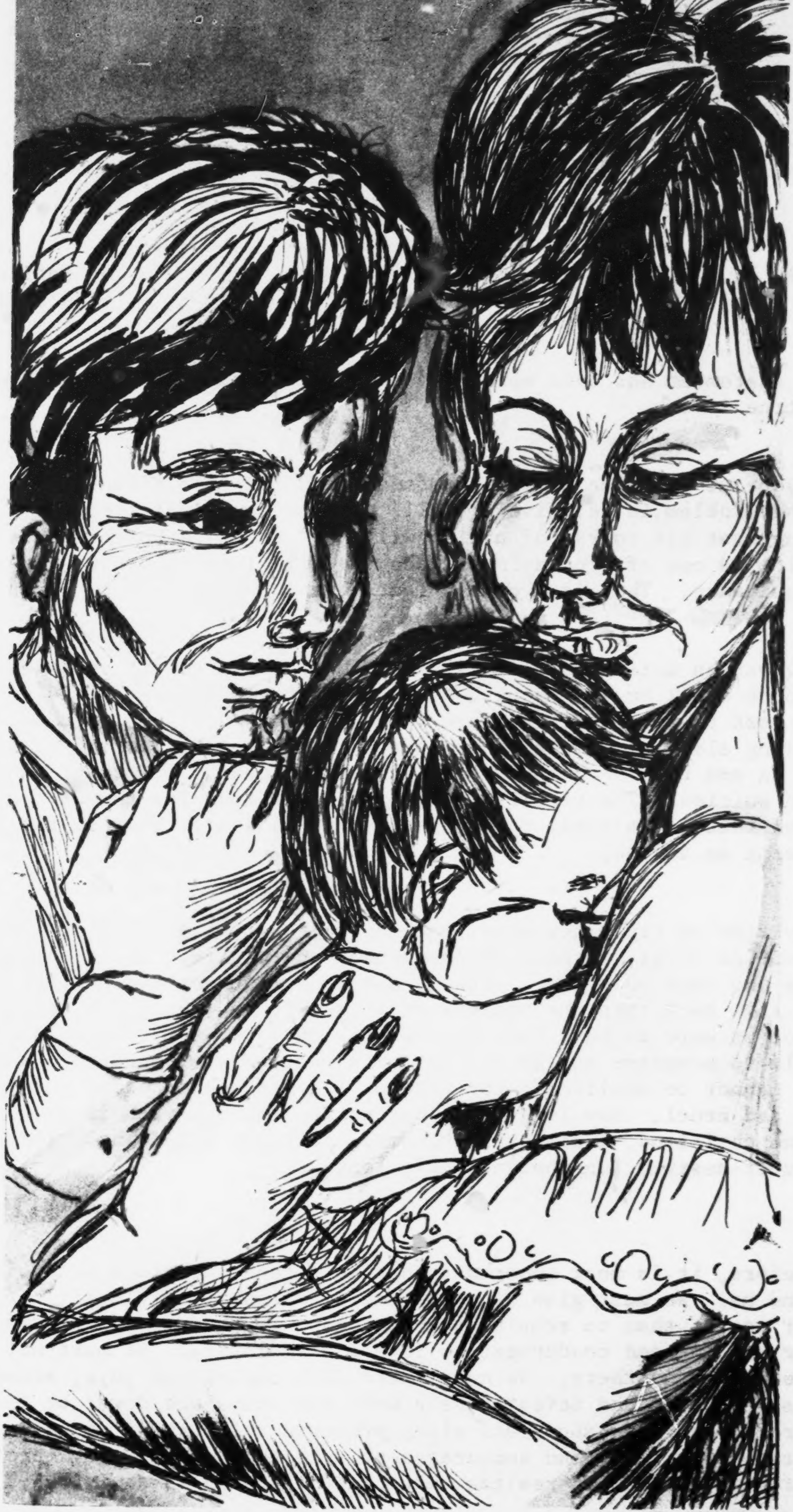
It was a female bluejay, and not clearly as lovely as the male of the species. With another strident scream, she flew up into the tree, then back to the fence. Her shrieks became louder and more frequent; she flew from fence to tree and then back again, always swooping over the cat. Once she lit on the ground and beat her large wings. Their strong sweep fanned air onto the cat, who turned and eyed the bird. Slowly the fur on its back began to rise, and it let out a long, vicious hiss. The bluejay squawked and flew back onto the fence.

The cat resumed its watch, and, after a minute, crouched before the weeds, tense, head close to the ground. All was very still. Just as the bird broke the tension with another scream, the cat leapt powerfully into the weeds. There was a squawking and scuffling among the brush; then a male bluejay bolted onto the lawn, followed by the cat. The bird stood, flapped his wings futilely. The lovely feathers of his back were torn, and a mangled, raw sore glistened where his tail had been.

The cat stopped a few feet in front of the bird and raised its back. The bird opened his wings, making himself nearly as large as the cat, and the two stood perfectly still, glaring at each other. There wasn't a sound. Slowly the cat advanced toward the bird, gliding noiselessly, belly nearly touching the ground.

As the cat approached, the bird drew himself up higher and opened his beak. They froze again, cat semi-crouched, midway between sitting and standing, amber eyes flashing and white, needle-teeth glistening, and bird looming above the cat, wings spread, beak sharp and open. They began to circle cautiously, like two wrestlers. The cat thrust its head forward, and the bird made a motion to strike with his beak. The cat flattened itself in the grass, thick cinnamon fur bristling.

Suddenly, as the two faced each other, the female, who had been watching from the fence, plunged down at the cat. The cat, in one movement, escaped the female's attack and reached the male, driving its teeth into the back-feathers. The bird struggled, terrified. The cat looked at the female, eyes gleaming. It dropped the bird on the ground, opened its mouth wider, and picked him up again in a stronger grip. As the frantic female beat her wings, the cat, with a determined clamping of its jaw, broke the male's back, and leapt up to the fence that crossed along the backs of the yards, and disappeared.



So there abide faith, hope, and love but the greatest of them is love.
--I Corinthians 13:1-13

LOVE

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

By Patricia Murphy
Schurz High School

This statement has been made many many times. However, we seldom realize how true it is.

Everyone at one time or another faces an unfamiliar situation, a problem. If the problem is relatively small, the man has no difficulty in determining what his course of action will be. On the other hand, if the problem is one of greater magnitude, he will look to others for advice and guidance. This is a common fact that is known to each of us.

The question arises that if man knew the answers to all possible problems, would he still be dependent upon his neighbor? Yes, he would. People want most to feel that they are loved and wanted. They need more than anything else, to feel that someone cares. If a feeling of rejection sets in and they feel unloved, they will despair. The tragic end is too often suicide. The terrible feeling was too much for them to cope with. Rather than be unloved, they preferred to be dead. This is the tragedy of being an island.

Every time we try a new experience or come across a situation which is unfamiliar to us, we need encouragement and praise. These we get from those who care about us. Without the encouragement and praise, we would soon fall back into the useless attitude of, "so what, who cares?" If all of us were to have this pessimistic outlook, the result would be a halt to progress and an end to the advancement of mankind. Tenderness cannot be abolished; for without it, men would become ruthless, hard and cruel. How long would our nation stand united if each of us became an island, a solid block, hard, cold and unfeeling? I'm afraid our self-destruction wouldn't take long.

Therefore, it is most important that we extend ourselves out to those around us. We must give of ourselves unselfishly, willingly, if for no other reason than to remain human beings. We need love, encouragement, understanding and tenderness to live a normal life. We must not deny these needs to others. We must share with others our joys, accomplishments, setbacks and defeats; help when the chips are down; be there when we are needed; and above all else, preserve the virtues of tenderness, understanding, love and encouragement. In this way man will profit countless rewards and realize that truly, "No man is an island."

WE READ AND REFLECT:
THE MIRACLE OF LOVE

By Carolyn Rokusek
Harrison High School

Can the word love really be defined? Actually there is no specific defition for this word. To each person, love has its own meaning. Even some of these meanings cannot be expressed verbally because love is more an inner feeling rather than an action. Although this feeling is not an action, it may cause people to do strange things. Recently, I have read two novels, THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY and CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, which illustrate the revival of man through love.

Many phases of love are illustrated in the book THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY. As a whole, this book can be classified as a lesson in love because each victim of the bridge catastrophe had realized that his previous imitation of love was not the right way to love. Thus, before the catastrophe each victim was able to make a compromise with reality--with his own personality and his situation--and to rebuild his moral life. But before any of them could live his new life, he met his death. However, these deaths were not futile since they generated a love in the survivors that had not existed before.

For example, the Marquesa de Montemayor's love for her daughter was an intense love but it had a touch of tyranny because she loved her daughter not for her daughter's sake, but for her own. To the Marquesa, love was a daughter's unending devotion and admiration for her mother. And since she had not received this kind of love from her daughter, she convinced herself that no one except herself was capable of loving anyone.

It was only through Pepita, an orphan she had adopted, that the Marquesa learned how wrong she was. Pepita had written the Abbess a letter like those the Marquesa wrote to her daughter, asking for a note or something to prove that the Abbess still cared for her. But Pepita did not send this letter because "it wasn't brave." These words made the Marquesa realize that there is courage in love. The evening of this discovery, she wrote her first letter of courage to her daughter. From this point the Marquesa wanted to begin a new life, but fate intervened. All was not lost because this last letter and the death of the Marquesa brought about the miracle of her daughter's unending love.

The love between Uncle Pio and the Perichole was a common interest--love for the perfection of Spanish literature. But, Uncle Pio also had a love for beautiful women, which increased his concern for the Perichole for she had beauty, as well as talent. Uncle Pio regarded love "as sort of cruel malady through which the elect are required to pass and from which they emerged ready for the business of living." Thus, he feared that unless the Perichole found his love, she would remain lost in the world and would never attain perfection in acting. However, the Perichole regarded love as the admiration and devotion she received because of her beauty and talent. As a result, when she incurred small pox and lost her beauty, she felt that she could no longer be loved and that the meaning of life was gone. Only after suffering the loss of her son, Jaime, and Uncle Pio in the bridge catastrophe did the Perichole find this "rich wisdom" of true love which brought a new meaning to her life.

Another type of love is that which existed between Estaban and his twin brother, Manuel. This attachment was so strong that these brothers could be considered one. Manuel had even given up his attraction for the Perichole in favor of his brotherly love. So profound was Estaban's love that he felt responsible for this break-up. Furthermore, when Manuel died, Estaban felt he was all alone and had no reason to go on living. It was only through the talk he had with Captain Alvarado, who had lost a daughter, that Estaban realized that he had his own identity. Thus, convinced that he must push on even though he had lost a loved one, Estaban planned to leave Lima and start anew. But his rebirth ended with the fall of the bridge.

Another example of the miracle of love, similar to that of the Marquesa's, is illustrated in CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. In this novel, Raskolnikov felt no guilt for his crime but only shame that he should succumb to the punishment of society in order to be at peace with himself. But what peace could he possibly receive from his reconciliation if life had lost its meaning? Even after the completion of his sentence, what good would a chance to start life anew be, if he has nothing to live for? Just by looking at his fellow prisoners Raskolnikov realized how much they all loved life, and how different his theoretical existence was from their world. Fortunately, Raskolnikov was restored to the human race when he realized his deep love for Sonia, who had devoutly promised to follow him to the ends of the earth. Through this love Raskolnikov was able for the first time to abandon his theory and live. Thus, together with his newly-found love, he would rebuild his life.

Love is a powerful miracle because it helps people to do things that they would not do otherwise. Love gives a person courage to face the hardships of life. And, love opens a whole new life to all who are willing to partake of it. There is no limit to the miracles of love because those who are loved are beyond reproach.

LOVE IS WHEN...

By Marianne Zimbroff
Mather High School

Love is when you wait for someone to come and he is an hour and a half late and you forget to tell him all those mean things you were thinking of telling him because he takes your hand and utters his deepest regrets and most of all makes you feel warm all over...

Love is when you wanted to see"A Raisin in the Sun" and he wanted to see "The Virgin Spring" and so you end up seeing "Gone with the Wind"...

Love is when you suddenly feel like eating egg rolls and he leads you to a Chinese restaurant and orders six of them and triumphantly says, "I dare ya!"...

Love is when you are playing with a rough-and-tumble little girl and you push her on the swing and she falls and you hug her very close and kiss it to make it better and you suddenly notice tears in his eyes and you ask him if something is the matter and he says no...but you know...

Love is when he walks into a crowded room and all the other people smile and say "hi" and you gape and wonder at how they can say this so lightly when your heart is beating so fast you couldn't speak a word...

ON SKIS ACROSS THE SNOW

By Rose Sejba
Kelly High School

I thought that love would come to me,
If ever love would come,
Beneath the shining moonlit sky
With trumpets and a drum.

I thought that love would come to me,
If there was such a thing,
Under a moonlit April night
And love would be a king.

But no one ever told me;
So how was I to know,
That love would come in winter
On skis across the snow?

THE QUARREL

By Lynn Meier
Bogan High School

The day was one of sunshine and warmth, even though clouds could be seen in a distance.

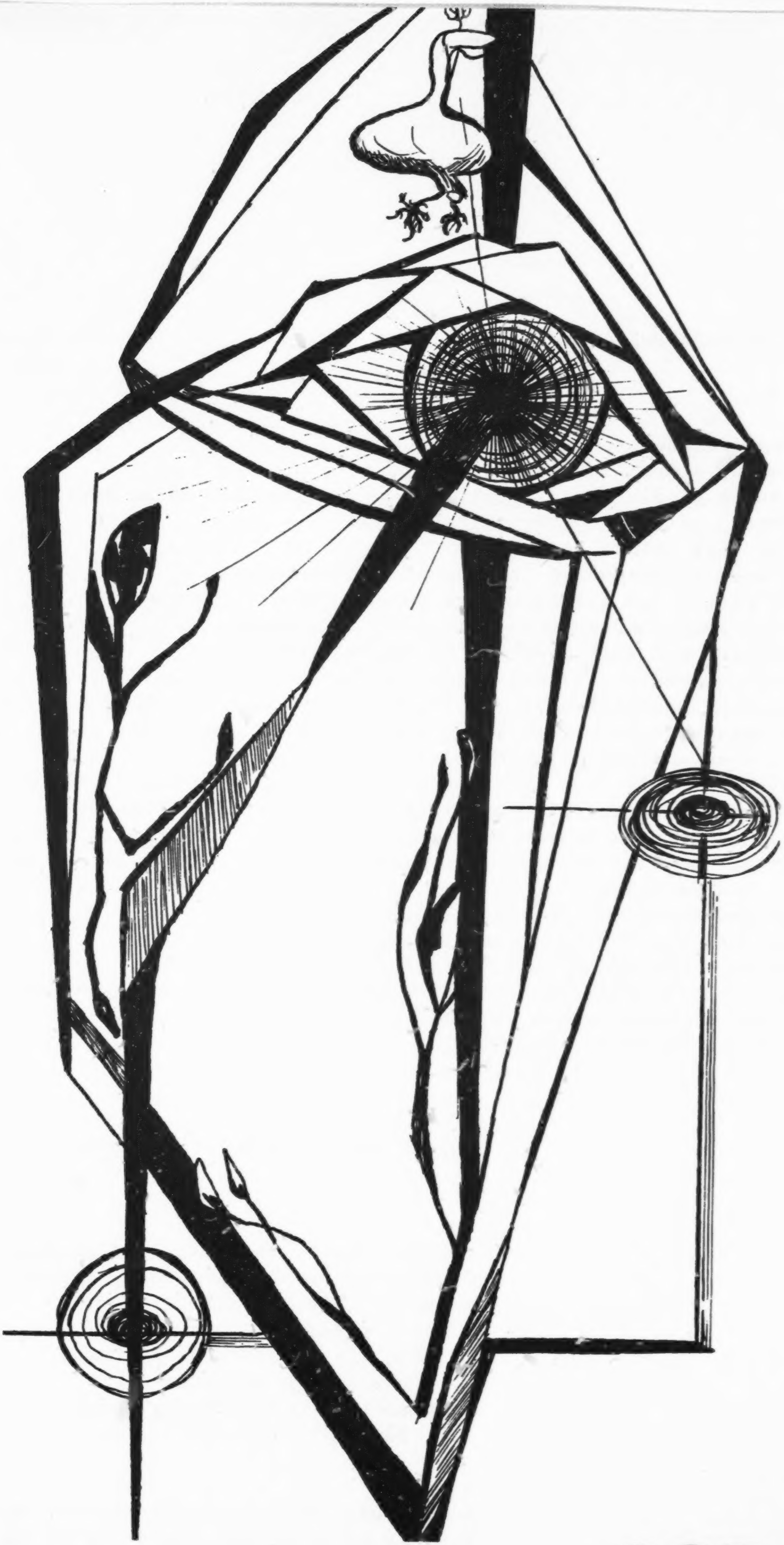
Many people were out enjoying the sun, among them, two young people who were walking towards one another. One could tell that they were delighted to see each other because of their sincere welcoming smiles. After they met, they became oblivious to the people around them; they were lost in a world of their own.

While they stood talking together, the clouds began to spread their ghostly tentacles over the city, but nature's antics were lost on the young lovers.

Suddenly, the smile on the girl's face was replaced by a look or hurt anger. The boy's face registered a flicker of surprise, which might easily have turned to an expression of apology, but a look of scorn from the girl made anger rise up in him, too.

A sudden gust of wind carried snatches of their quarrel to the ears of an idle onlooker, who somehow sensed that as the mood of the couple was changing, so was the inviting warmth of the afternoon.

With tears in her eyes, the girl blindly rushed away, and, as if nature was in concordance with her feelings, rain began to fall from the black, angry clouds. Left alone, the boy stood forlorn in the rain, not even noticing the sudden dreariness of the day because it matched his feelings so exactly.



In God we trust.

GOD

GOD IS EVERYWHERE

By Marilyn Shulman
Senn High School

There lies before man, God.
In every stone; in every leaf;
In every ripple that stirs the blue depths of a quiet pool;
Ignored, unseen, by the multitudes;
There lies before man, God.
His work is evidenced in the wet and misty haze of fog
That crawls and climbs up the sweaty turrets and towers
Of the rough and dampened sides of a 'scraper.
Blanketed and smothered by its own muck and filth,
A city of mortals blames God's fog for its blindness.
Unseeing, unhearing, they cry out against God for their own foolish ways.
And yet--and yet never lift a smiling face up to God's sun to dry the
eyes and put laughter back into the heart.
Foolish mortals that they notice not the bushy green of the stately elm,
But look more greedily upon that green of printing presses.
They see not the beauty of golden wheat that sways and sings upon the hill.
They see not the beauty of a crimson sun that fires the sky with a
scarlet glow.
Deaf and blind are they to the beauties of God.
They look for Him in sorrow and death.
They miss the fresh smell of clear, pure air.
Their air is polluted, and with their own blindness, they keep it so.
Ignored, unseen by the multitudes,
There towers before man, God.

NATURE AND THE LORD

By Sharon Adrienne Reynolds
Englewood High School

A wheat field, windswept and golden;
A babbling brook, with shiny stones of gray;
A desert bare and silent;
A beach drenched in ocean spray.
Imagine the Lord standing there,
Glorifying the view-
Imagine the Lord standing there,
Beckoning to you.

A mountain, boldly placed against the sky,
A piece of driftwood, half buried in the sand;

A cliff overlooking a peaceful valley,
In some strange, but beautiful land.
Imagine the Lord standing there,
  Glorifying the view-
Imagine the Lord standing there,
  Beckoning to you.

LAMENT

By Richard Helfer
Sullivan High School

Pray for us now who love only the night,
Who dare not come to the warmth of the day,
Who stay in caves and moan when sky is bright
And softly, swiftly, rot away.

Weep with us who love only the dead,
Who shy away from the gleam of the live,
Who choose grey mold and needles for our bed
And die so that we may survive.

LUCKY "MAN"!

By Carol Childress
Marshall High School

Man, God's favored creature, has led himself down the path of self-destruction. He has used his wisdom and knowledge to discover ways to annihilate the human race. When man was given the ability to think and create, he was considered the luckiest creature upon the earth. Today, however, when we see where man's knowledge has led him, we wonder if he is the luckiest creature on earth! Is man luckier than the deer and wild animals who roam the forest contented and free? Is man "lucky" to be the only animal who has never known peace?

MY ARMOR

By Claudia Schultz
Lindblom High

My armor doesn't glisten
Like any coat of mail;
It has an inner radiance
That outwardly is pale.

My armor is no burden
Which I am forced to bear;
It is a splendid raiment
That I delight to wear.

My armor isn't made of steel
Or burnished bronze or brass;
But it is far more powerful
Than mere words can amass.

There is no heavy helmet
To firm encase my head;
And yet through many battles
I have been safely led.

I own no sword of metal
To slash and slay my foes;
But my sword is a sword of truth
That always with me goes.

My armor is a trust--
A strong and sturdy love;
My armor is my faith
In the Power from above.

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW SEMESTER

By Roland Carlson
Fenger High School

I pray, dear Lord, to be more devoted and faithful to Thee. I hope that I will have friends so dear to me as I have now. I hope, dear Lord, that my teachers will be blessed. I pray that they will be as understanding and warm as they were this fleeting semester.

I pray, Father, that I will devote more time to my studies; to prepare myself for what may lie ahead in Thy service. No matter where I am, dear God, do not leave me. Protect my classmates, my teachers, and my friends.

Make me prompt, Lord, for lateness breeds laxness. Make me exact, for errors breed carelessness, and carelessness means waste. Make me more understanding and tolerant, O Lord, for there is so much error and confusion.

Make me more patriotic, for so many died for me. Let me appreciate those students around me, for they are like myself, a lamb in knowledge, a lion in speech, and a fish in a sea of learning.

I wish, O God, that you would make this new semester a time of peace in the world. I pray to you, to make the peoples of the world lay down their arms and pound them into plows; to take each one's hand and call him "brother." Let this be, O Lord.

Let me realize that I am obligated to do right not only by You, but by every person who is on this earth, everyone who was on it, and everyone who will be on it. It is not our world but Yours.

Let me not forget, O Father, that all I have, and all I love, everyone I meet and everyone I know, and all these friends and classmates, around me, are but a gift to me, from You, for life's short second. Amen.

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR THE TREE

By Charles Matthews
Parker High School

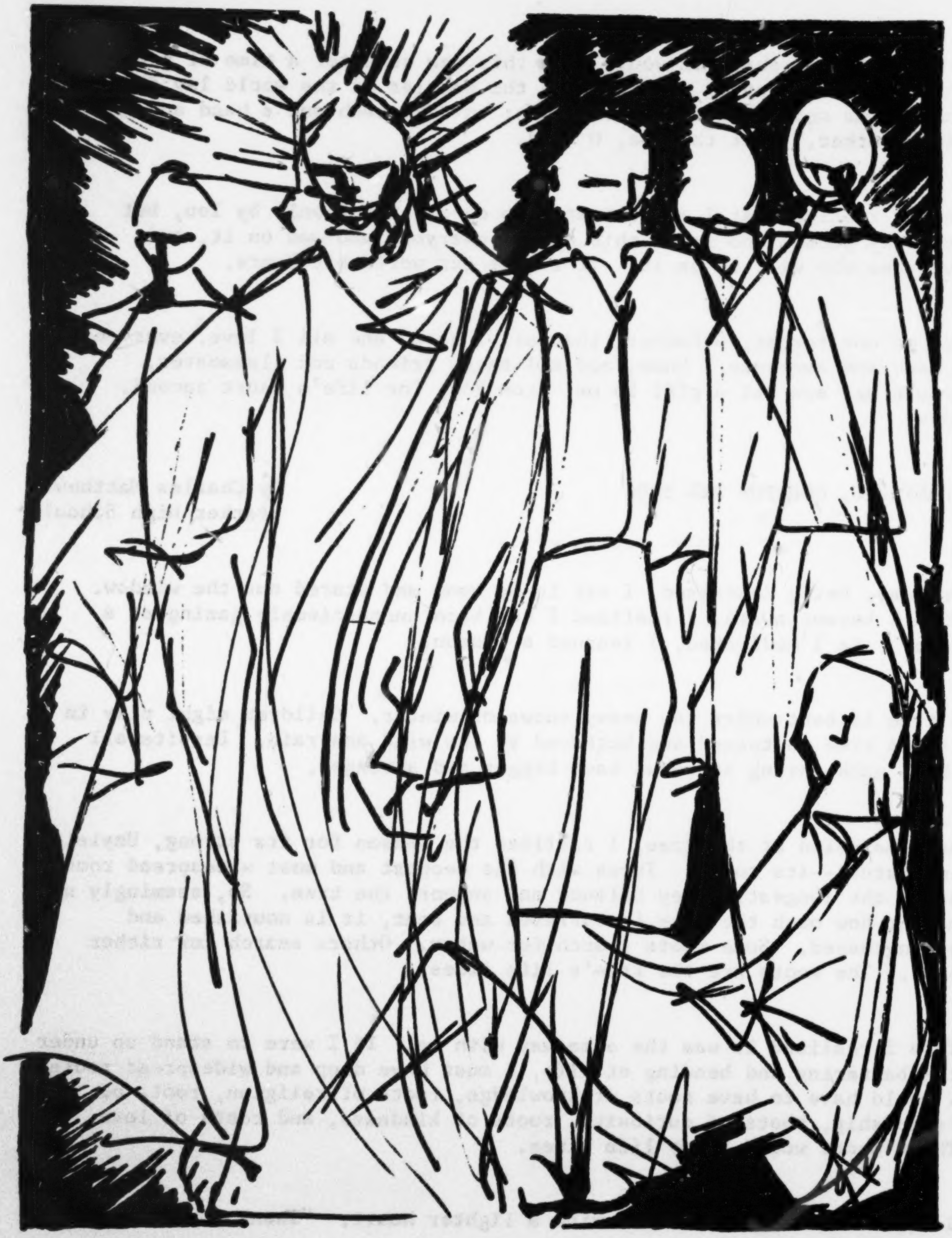
One day, being depressed, I sat in my room and stared out the window. When I became aware, I realized I had been unconsciously gazing at a tree. As I meditated, I learned a lesson.

A tree is bent under the heavy snows of winter. Children might play in it. A tree is tossed and battered by the wind and rain. Despite all this, each spring it comes back bigger and stronger.

As I marveled at the tree, I realized the reason for its strong, Unyielding nature--its roots. Trees with the deepest and most widespread roots stand the longest. They balance and support the tree. So, seemingly no matter how much the tree is buffeted and bent, it is nourished and strengthened. Some roots search for water. Others search for richer soil. The roots are the tree's life lines.

Then I realized it was the same way with me. If I were to stand up under the battering and bending of life, I must have deep and widespread roots. I would have to have roots of knowledge, roots of religion, roots of friendship, roots of curiosity, roots of kindness, and roots of love. These roots would be my life lines.

I left the window wiser and with a lighter heart. "Thank you, God, for the tree."



MY CHANGING IDEAS OF GOD

By Michael Baum
Hyde Park High School

When I was younger, I pictured God as a physical being. So far as I knew, God was actually alive, just as I was. My picture of Him, gained from explanations which had been none too clear, was of a large man, old and kindly, who lived somewhere above.

Part of the picture came from an animated cartoon I had seen once in kindergarten. It showed Heaven as a radiant place, where angels straight from the palette of Michelangelo flew around, sitting on clouds when they grew tired. Above the layers of cloud where angels usually roamed, was a quiet place where God dwelled. The most I ever saw of Him was His hand, reaching down through the veil of mist to accept something from a small angel; for years I retained this impression of God that the movie had made on my vivid imagination.

As I grew, I learned. My studies of clouds, for one thing, convinced me that no angel could possibly find resting space on one. Someone with such imposing size as that which Hollywood had given to God would never find support on a flimsy thing like a cloud. Gradually, my original conception of Him was crowded out of my mind by the flow of contradicting information I was receiving.

When I began to be exposed to the Bible, I studied Genesis. I read the passage in which it is stated that God created man in his own image. At first I took this to mean that man had been made to look like God and, therefore, that God looked like a man. Now, though, another interpretation presented itself. Perhaps, I thought, God created man "in his own image" in that man, too, could reason, that he could appreciate beauty, that he could feel emotions.

Still my impression of God was of a definite being. But I no longer believed that He looked like a man; rather, I thought of Him as a thinking mind. In my beliefs, God had lost his physical body and little else.

Slowly my opinion changed. Maybe God was a force, not an actual personality. I came to adopt this view that God is a force, a little of which exists in every man. I did not need to think of Him as living way up and far away; I could consider Him as existing everywhere.

I hold the same view now. In every man, in everything that happens, it is possible to see a bit of the force that is God.

OF GOD'S ETERNITY

By Ragland Cooper
Hirsch High School

We rush through life so quickly,
We never think and wonder,
No matter who we are,
Or what we do
All our days are numbered.
Our youth is fast and furious,
With anxiety, hopes and fears
And suddenly, oh so quickly
Our sheltered youth has passed.
We enter young adulthood
Filled with zeal and strength
To rock this hurried world
But something goes wrong,
"We've failed!" We say
Though this is far from true.
We turn our heads
To old age's arms
So quickly time has passed
In one small segment
Of God's Eternity
We've lived, and loved, and died.

A THOUGHT

By Robert McVea
Tilden High

How Come It Snows? she asked
  Big Brown Bright Eyes
    Looking Up
      Wonder-Like
Daddy, Huh?

And Daddy Smiles; puzzled-pensive
  then Purposefully Positive relates with
    Ample Gesture--Falling Pressure
      Ices; Devices
        And Leans Back, Hands-Folded

And Again it Comes
  Big Brown Bright Eyes
    Searching Seeking
      Sparkling-Wanting
But Why Really, Mommy?

And Mommy, by the fire
  Meets her daughters gaze
    And says, I think
God Tries To Cleanse The Earth.